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where every occupation stode in their liveries in ordre, beginning with base and meane occupations and so ascending to the worshipful craftes. Highest and lastly, stode the maior, with the aldermen; the goldsmithes stalles unto the ende of the Olde Chaunge being replenished with virgins in white, with braunches of white waxe . . ." Thus the young King and his bride made their royal way to the Great Hall of Westminster (via York Place, which twenty years later, the same King was to re-name "Whitehall") to a coronation as magnificent as the taste and means of the State could render it.



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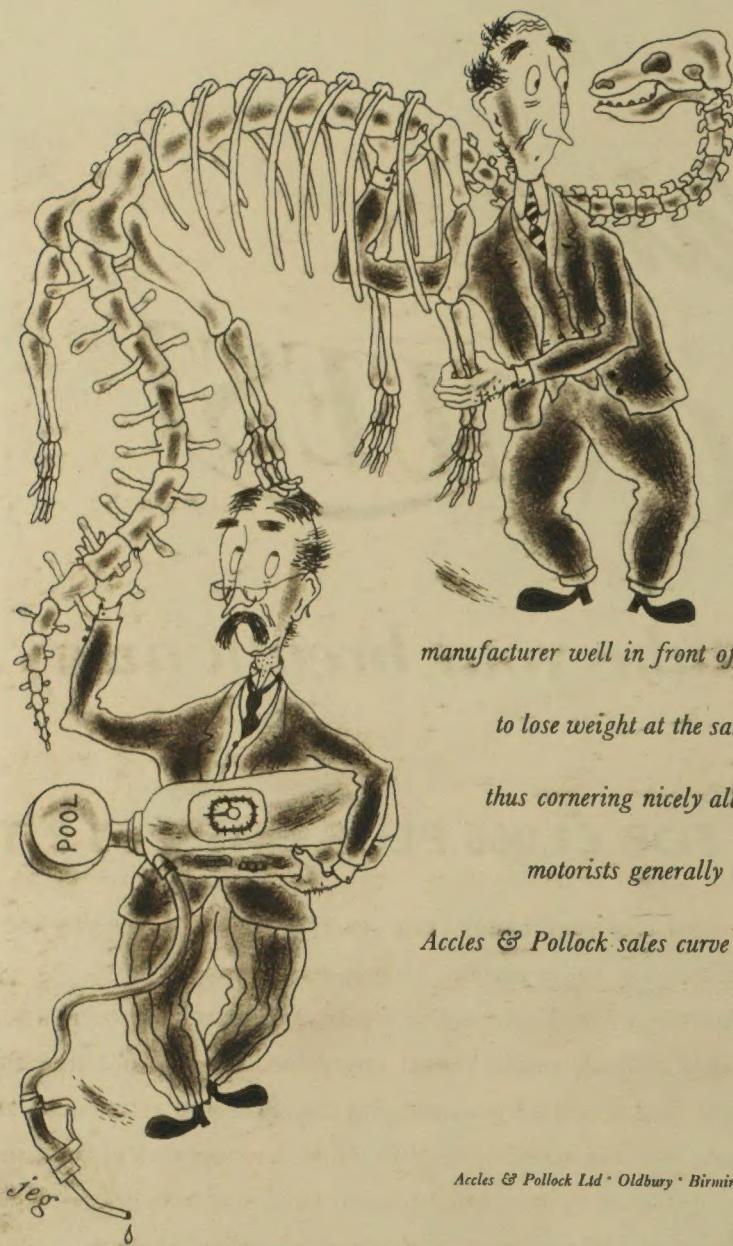
Important features. Other points deserving mention are a really capacious luggage boot; a petrol reserve switch; built-in heating and ventilation; automatic chassis lubrication; 11" brakes with 148 sq. in. surface. The 2½ litre 6 cylinder O.H.V. engine develops 75 b.h.p. Petrol consumption ranges between 26.5 m.p.g. at 30 and 18.5 m.p.g. at 70.

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'OUT OF PEDIGREE COMES PACE'



Last week the Directors of Accles & Pollock gave us a bit

of a start moving along the corridors at a rattling pace

we found them holding a skeleton tubular steel car chassis

six gallons of petrol and a brand new sales chart

close behind them was a racing car

manufacturer well in front of modern trends he is using tubes

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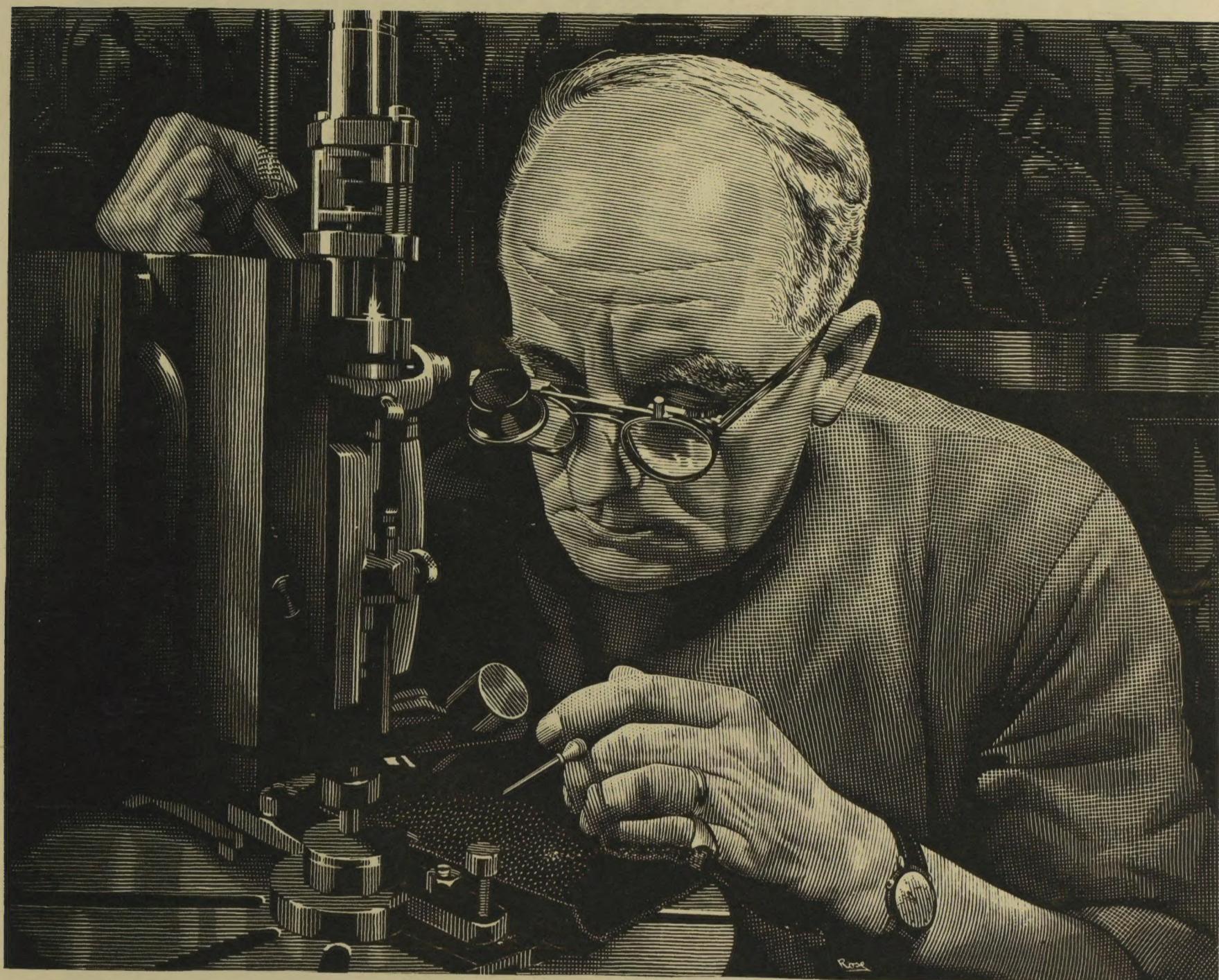
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That's why everybody needs a good Swiss jewelled-lever watch. It's accurate because it's made in the country where the watchmaker is born and bred in the tradition of accurate timekeeping; where he has the world's most advanced tools and machinery; where he's backed by the world's finest testing laboratories.

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Grand Entrance to Hyde Park, Piccadilly

This Week's News from BURBERRYS

Here are two young people prepared for any weather. The lady is wearing her walking pattern Burberry which is available in various styles and colours from £10.12.10. Her matching Deerstalker hat is £3.5.4.; her gloves—with fancy knitted backs and chamois palms—are £1.10.9.; her tan Antique style calf shoes with plaited apron fronts are £4.10.0. Her companion carries his check-lined Burberry—

made from the Burberry Gabardine which is proofed twice, in the yarn and in the woven piece—available at prices from £10.9.1. His single breasted lounge suit is cut with button-three front and notched lapels in fawn saxony glenurquhart check. A large selection of town and country suits for gentlemen is available in a comprehensive range of fittings from £22.17.0.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1953.



THE CYPRUS EARTHQUAKE: A VIEW OF STROUMBI, WHERE NOT A HOUSE WAS LEFT INTACT.

Shortly after six o'clock on the morning of September 10, Cyprus was shaken by the worst earthquake in the island's history. The port of Paphos, in the south-west of the island, was badly damaged and villages in the area were virtually obliterated. Forty persons were killed and more than 100 were injured and 4000 lost their homes. At Stroombi,

a village 14 miles north-east of Paphos, not a house was left in an habitable condition and it will have to be entirely rebuilt. The aircraft carrier *Theseus*, the destroyer *Saintes* and the tank-landing ships *Striker* and *Reggio* were sent to the island to give any assistance needed; while the R.A.F. arranged to fly 500 tents from Britain. (See also page 423.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

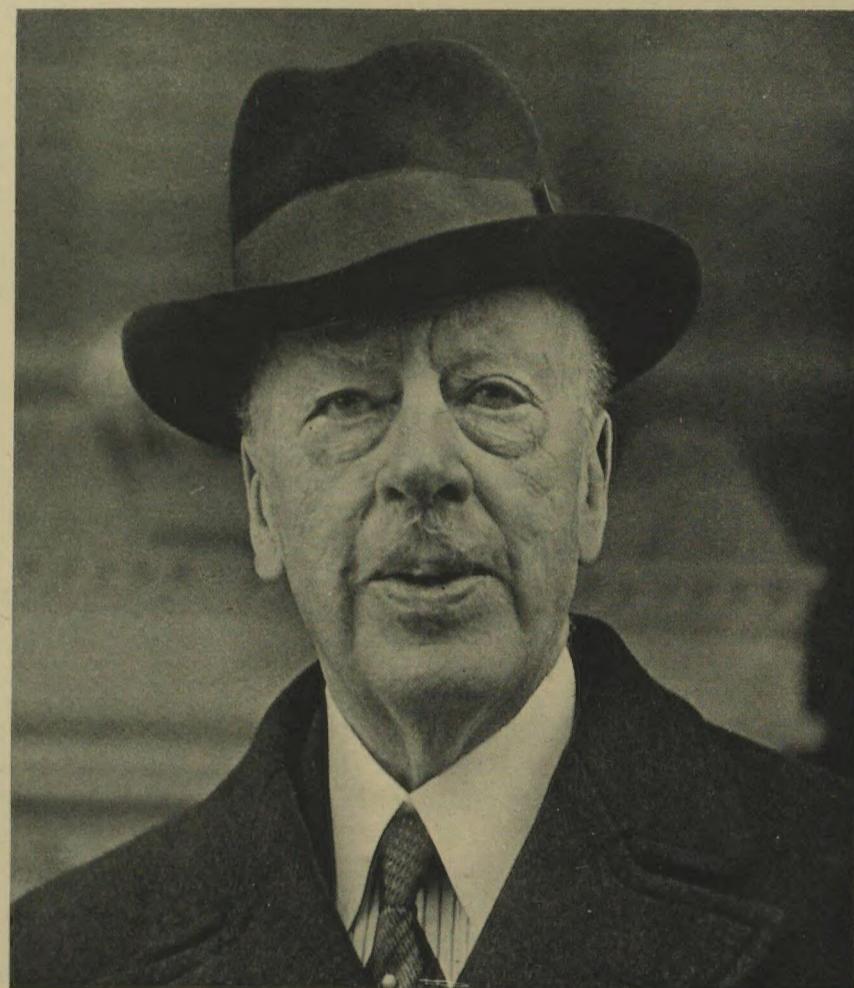
LAST week on this page I wrote about the Abbey and the difficulty those responsible for its structure were finding in obtaining sufficient subscriptions from private subscribers to save it from irretrievable decay, and of my feeling that, if this noble building and many another, in this age of destruction, are to be permanently saved, the State, which has reduced to near-poverty the formerly endowed class which provided the money for "good works," should, as the nation's representative and controller, devote to such objects a reasonable proportion of the funds it takes from the private subscriber's pocket. Otherwise much that is of permanent cultural and spiritual value to our continuing community will inevitably perish. It seems unthinkable to let the Abbey and Salisbury and Canterbury and Lincoln Cathedrals fall down merely because the Government regards it as social justice to deprive of surplus purchasing-power the once comfortably-off and public-spirited old ladies and gentlemen who hitherto provided the money to pay the wages of the repairing masons and craftsmen. These places are an essential part of the permanent wealth of England; it matters little who pays for their preservation so long as they are preserved. The State's business is to see that somebody can and does pay for it, itself or anyone else; otherwise it is no more fulfilling its duty as a national guardian and conservator than it would be if it allowed our fields to remain uncultivated or our shores and skies to be undefended. We do not elect politicians or pay Civil Servants because we love them, but because we wish them to look after our interests. And Westminster Abbey is decidedly one of our interests. It is worth a great deal more to us, as a continuing people, for instance, than the Government Entertainment Centre or U.N.E.S.C.O., or even the British Council and a great many other deserving institutions and objects on which the State lavishes the taxpayer's money.

Those who do not understand this are the victims of a delusion, one that arose during the nineteenth century—the age which, with all its virtues, wantonly destroyed so much that was noble in our heritage and left us the industrial slums and the disunion and social bitterness which they created in a formerly united and contented people. That delusion is that the present—and its supposed extension, the future—is an end in itself, and that everything that has gone before was merely a means to this one great end. In this view the Gothic cathedrals were merely the experimental strivings of an immature people vastly inferior in capacity to the better educated and scientifically and technically equipped men of the present. So were the Border ballads and the folk songs, the Cotswold villages and Jacobean, baroque and palladian country-houses, the Georgian and Regency town squares and terraces, the wonderful system of organic high-farming that our forbears evolved and our grandfathers so extravagantly sacrificed to the products of prairie monoculture seventy years ago. The shallow thinkers who regard these things as immature, inferior to the products of the present and, therefore, expendable, fail to see that they were expressions of human achievement at its highest and can never, in their own particular kind, be surpassed. In their arrogance they forget that what any generation can achieve is very limited, that one age can normally excel only in a comparatively small range of activity—as ours excels in technical and scientific capacity—and that a nation's or society's wealth is necessarily cumulative, and can only grow great through the accumulation of the highest achievements of successive ages.

To neglect to repair Westminster Abbey or any of the great Gothic cathedrals—virtually all, after seven centuries of decay and destruction, that we inherit from the vigorous and intensely talented age of faith that made them—is like destroying the topsoil, the growth of ages on which man depends for his food, in order to make room for a world entirely composed of our own particular contribution to wealth—concrete pavements, factory floor-space and airstrips. Carried to its logical and absurd conclusion—and there is every sign that, with our immense technical resources, we are rapidly and automatically doing so—it can only end in both the physical and spiritual starvation and annihilation of the human race. I am glad to see that Mr. Menzies, the great orator from the Antipodes, has made this point clear. "Westminster Abbey," he has said to his fellow-countrymen

in Australia, "is in London—but it doesn't belong to London. It belongs to the whole British world." It is also at the moment—unfortunately for itself and posterity—in the twentieth century, but it doesn't belong to the twentieth century. It belongs to the ages. Having inherited it from former and more careful centuries, we have a duty to transmit it to future ones. For we have no means of replacing it. We are no more capable of making a Westminster Abbey or a Salisbury Cathedral than our thirteenth-century ancestors were capable of making a jet *Meteor* or a television set. They were the products of human genius shaped by the particular circumstances of the age in which that genius happened to be born. We cannot re-create the conditions and ideas of the thirteenth century—the means which shaped such ends as these consummate works of art. We can only accept with gratitude and understanding what our forbears created so well, while, in the technique of our own different age, we do our best to emulate them. But perfection in any department of human activity is so rare that it can never be destroyed or discarded without permanent loss to humanity.

It was to Henry III.'s religious and artistic enthusiasm and zeal that we owe the Abbey, and to the great native school of masons and craftsmen which our island then bred and trained. For all Henry's political failings, no English sovereign has presided over the birth of so many magnificent buildings or entered so fully into the artistic aspirations of his people. The glorious Cistercian abbeys of Yorkshire and South Wales, the rebuilding of Malmesbury and Glastonbury, the Presbytery at Ely, the transepts at York and Beverley, the choirs of Christ Church, Oxford and Carlisle, the great Abbey of Hailes, all date from this germinative reign. So do the wonderful conceptions of Elias of Derham—Salisbury Cathedral, the Chapel of the Nine Altars at Durham, and the great west front of Wells, with its hundreds of life-size statues of saints and missionaries, bishops and kings, telling the story of Christian England and rivalling the finest contemporary sculpture in Europe. In 1244, four years after the consecration of St. Paul's—another masterpiece completed in his reign—Henry started to rebuild the Abbey at Westminster in honour of its founder, Edward the Confessor, in whose name he had christened his eldest son. In doing so he drew inspiration from the wonderful new cathedrals which, under his cousin and brother-in-law, Louis IX. of France, were being raised on the far side of the Channel. From Rouen, Amiens and Rheims—the crowning-place of the French Kings—and, above all, from the exquisite Sainte Chapelle in Paris, which the devout Louis was building to house the reputed crown of thorns and other relics of the Crucifixion, he borrowed the lofty eastern chevet and the mosaic-paved ambulatory, with its semi-circle of radiating chapels, and to the west



THE DUKE OF ABERCORN, THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF NORTHERN IRELAND, WHO DIED IN LONDON ON SEPTEMBER 12, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-THREE.

The third Duke of Abercorn was the eldest son of the second Duke and was born in November 1869. Although the Dukedom is a modern creation, the third Duke was one of only three noblemen to hold distinctive titles in all three kingdoms, the other two being the Marquess of Lansdowne and the Earl of Verulam. He was educated at Eton and served in the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and the 1st Life Guards, later becoming a major in the North Irish Horse. He was a Member of Parliament for Londonderry City from 1900 until he succeeded to the dukedom in 1913. In 1922 he was appointed as the first Governor of Northern Ireland, a post which he filled with conspicuous success until July 1945. He married in 1894 Lady Rosalind Cecilia Caroline Bingham, daughter of the fourth Earl of Lucan, and their golden wedding was celebrated in 1944. He is succeeded by his elder son, the Marquess of Hamilton, who was born in 1904 and married in 1928 Lady Mary Kathleen Crichton, sister of the Earl of Erne, and has two sons and a daughter.

of them and St. Edward's Shrine made a raised theatre where the coronation of England's Kings could be solemnised. Yet though the Abbey's outline was taken from Rheims, and its soaring pointed arches, flying buttresses and great circular rose-windows from Amiens, the craftsmanship that made its interior so lovely—"out-shining all the churches in the world for costliness and splendour"—was mainly English. The master mason who supervised its building was an Englishman, Henry of Reys, and so were his successors—for the work took a quarter of a century to complete—John of Gloucester and Robert of Beverley. At one time 800 workmen were employed on it. From the Abbey muniments we know the names of many of these craftsmen, who were settled by the Chapter in houses in Westminster: Alexander the carpenter, Odo the goldsmith and Edward his son, Henry the glazier, John of St. Albans—the great master-sculptor whose twin angels, once brilliantly coloured, still swing their censers in the triforium under the vast rose-window of the south transept. The work of another wonderful English artist—Walter of Durham, the King's painter—is represented by the huge figures of St. Christopher and St. Thomas discovered a few years ago, hidden by monuments and buried in dirt, on the wall of the south transept. The rest of his painting, like the original coloured glass, of which only a few panels now remain, and the marble and mosaic-work of the Confessor's jewelled shrine, were destroyed by the iconoclasts of later ages. Let us, in recalling these things, try to avoid going down to history, through our neglect, as the greatest iconoclasts of all.

THE CYPRUS EARTHQUAKE DISASTER: SCENES IN THE PAPHOS AREA, WHERE FORTY DIED.



WHERE 700 PERSONS BECAME HOMELESS IN A MATTER OF MINUTES: THE VILLAGE OF STROUMBI, NEAR PAPHOS, SHOWING A BADLY-DAMAGED HOUSE.

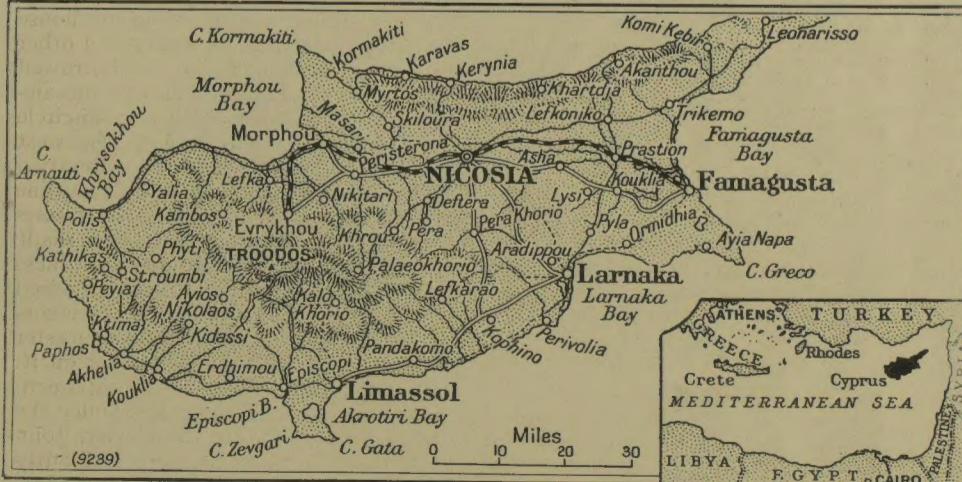


WHERE FOURTEEN DIED AND MANY WERE INJURED: THE VILLAGE OF STROUMBI; NOW FILLED WITH RUBBLE FROM THE HOUSES WHICH COLLAPSED.

ALTHOUGH the earthquake shocks of Sept. 10 were felt in Nicosia and other towns in Cyprus, the greatest damage was suffered in an area around the southwestern extremity of the island. In the town of Ktima about 150 buildings suffered some damage and much damage was done in the port of Paphos. But it was in the villages where the houses are built of sun-dried mud brick that the earthquake assumed the proportions of a disaster. Stroombi was virtually destroyed and many were also rendered homeless in near-by [Continued below.]



(RIGHT.) SURVEYING THEIR WRECKED HOME: A FATHER AND HIS SONS PAUSE IN THEIR WORK OF SALVAGING THE CONTENTS OF THE BUILDING AT KTIMA, WHERE SOME 150 HOUSES WERE DAMAGED.



SHOWING THE POSITION OF PAPHOS, KTIMA, STROUMBI AND KIDASSI IN THE AREA WHICH SUFFERED MOST IN THE EARTHQUAKE OF SEPTEMBER 10: A MAP OF CYPRUS. ("The Times" copyright map.)

Continued.]

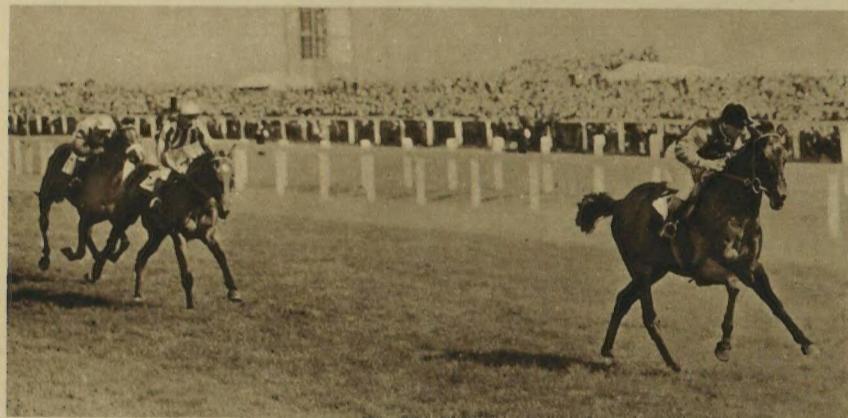
Panayea and in other villages. The Government took immediate steps to assist the injured and feed and house the survivors, and have been aided in this work by the Services. Royal Engineers were employed in rescue work and demolishing unsafe buildings, the Royal Air Force arranged to fly out tents from Britain to Cyprus and naval ratings went out in lorries to pitch the tents where required.



AWAITING HELP FROM THE GOVERNMENT: VILLAGERS OF STROUMBI SHELTERING BENEATH TREES WITH A FEW POSSESSIONS SALVAGED FROM THE RUINS.



THE FINISH OF THE ST. LEGER: PREMONITION (E. SMITH UP) PASSING THE POST, WITH NORTHERN LIGHT II. SECOND, AND H.M. THE QUEEN'S AUREOLE THIRD.



WINNING THE DONCASTER PRODUCE STAKES BY FOUR LENGTHS: THE QUEEN'S HORSE LANDAU (SIR GORDON RICHARDS UP) COMFORTABLY AHEAD OF MILITAIRE AND PLAINSONG.



ARRIVING AT DONCASTER TO SEE HER HORSE AUREOLE RUN IN THE ST. LEGER: H.M. THE QUEEN, WHO HAD TRAVELED OVERNIGHT FROM BALMORAL.

HER MAJESTY AT THE DONCASTER RACES: A WIN WITH LANDAU AND A DISAPPOINTMENT WITH AUREOLE.

H.M. the Queen travelled overnight from Balmoral to Doncaster to see her horse *Aureole* run in the St. Leger on September 12. Her Majesty arrived at the course in time to see her horse *Landau*, ridden by Sir Gordon Richards, win the Doncaster Produce Stakes by four lengths from *Militaire*, with *Plainsong* (E. Smith up) third. The Prime Minister and Lady Churchill were in the Royal box as guests of the Queen and returned with her Majesty by train to Balmoral Castle, where



THE WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER: PREMONITION (E. SMITH UP), OWNED BY BRIGADIER W. P. WYATT, BEING LED IN AFTER HIS THREE-LENGTHS VICTORY.

they stayed until September 15. It was a great disappointment to the crowd when her Majesty's horse, *Aureole*, was beaten into third place in the St. Leger, which was won by *Aureole*'s stable companion, *Premonition*, who finished three lengths ahead of *Northern Light II*. *Premonition* (owned by Brigadier W. P. Wyatt) was ridden by E. Smith and trained by Captain Boyd-Rochfort. Her Majesty was one of the first to congratulate Brigadier Wyatt on his victory.

AT FARNBOROUGH: HUGE CROWDS CHEER THE NEW WORLD RECORD-HOLDER.

AS reported in our last issue, the flying display and exhibition of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors had its pre-view and Press how on September 7 and was later opened to the trade visitors and subsequently during the week to the public. Last year was a vintage year in aircraft, and this year the only completely new aircraft on show was the small *Short Sea Mew* propeller-turbine anti-submarine aircraft. Notable among the flying displays was the formation flight of two *Avro Vulcan* delta-wing bombers with the four *Avro 707* small deltas from which the big bombers were developed; the appearance of Squadron-Leader Duke and his *Hawker Hunter*, fresh from their triumphs at Littlehampton, where they set up the new provisional world's air speed record; and the lifting by the *Blackburn Beverley* of two 7-ton lorries, thought to be the biggest freight load yet lifted by any British aircraft.

(RIGHT.) FRESH FROM SETTING UP A PROVISIONAL WORLD'S SPEED RECORD, SQUADRON LEADER NEVILLE DUKE FLIES OVER THE FARNBOROUGH SHOW IN HIS RED HAWKER HUNTER.



PART OF THE HUGE CROWD OF SPECTATORS WHICH ATTENDED THE FARNBOROUGH AIR SHOW ON THE SECOND DAY THAT IT WAS OPEN TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

THE MAN WHO FAILED.

"MUSSOLINI: AN INTIMATE LIFE"; By PAOLO MONELLI.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THIS book has, as its sub-title, "an intimate life." The English reader must not suppose from this that Signor Monelli was at Mussolini's elbow throughout that diversified career of obscure struggle, of revolutionism, of sudden success, of stabilisation, order and prestige, of tempting tinsel triumph, of wavering and snatching at possible safety, of bravado during brief delusion, of mingled defiance and desperate bewilderment in the presence of approaching doom, of evasion, hesitation, disguise, and then, at the last, of hideous death, with his woman trying to shield him from the bullets. It is not the work of a Boswell; it is not even the work of a friend; it is not even the work of a man sympathetic to frailty. The air of "intimacy" derives solely from the fact that Signor Monelli, as a sleuth, has peered and pried through every available keyhole at the private life (and especially the sexual life) of a man whom—though he does his best to be fair—he evidently detests and despises. Of a man, also, who failed.

The failure, here, is certainly rubbed in. The partisans who captured Mussolini badgered him with questions: "Why did you betray Socialism?"; "Why did you murder Matteotti?"; "Why did you stab France in the back?" He was ill, broken and a captive. He had not murdered Matteotti (it isn't certain that anybody ever really meant to do so) and always regarded that crime as the most disastrous thing which had ever happened to him. If he had "betrayed" Socialism, it may well be that he had ceased to believe in the "nationalisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange," if he ever did believe in it; but at least he had remained a revolutionary (like the Nazis) to the extent of disliking the Church, the King and the Upper Classes (anybody who wishes to do all that is now called Right Wing (unless he is a Russian!)); and as for stabbing France in the back, a base action which deserved and brought its penalty, he answered his accusers with the statement that "if he had not done so, Germany would have exterminated Italy with poison gas." The Abyssinian venture, when he said he would conquer the country "with the League, without the League, or against the League," may have been prompted by an ignoble desire for cheap glory, or have sprung from his impossible, but not quite

England and France was quite another matter. Not glory, not ambition, was the prompter there: merely fear.

He naturally didn't say so: and, having decided on his course, made the best of the bad job. Signor Monelli says that he was always influenced by the last person who had talked to him (for, unlike Hitler, he *was* willing to listen); by the same token he listened to the last situation which confronted him, and began wishful thinking, and apparently confident speech, on that basis. He may, after France had collapsed,

Mussolini may have earned the scaffold: either for his crimes or for his mistakes. But "an intimate life" should not omit to mention the good things he did before he showed signs of dementia, either because of overwork, or of the power-disease, or (as Signor Monelli suggests) syphilis. Signor Monelli underrates Mussolini's original achievements of binding a country together which was falling into bits; he has nothing to say about the draining of the Pontine Marshes and nothing (except for hostile criticisms of the demolitions in Rome) about the Duce's genuine passion for archaeology; his concern for the institution of the family as affected by inheritance taxes receives no more attention than his bird sanctuaries. His air-piloting is scoffed at like his fiddling. And, in the piling up of the case, certain things are stated which are demonstrably untrue. We are assured, for instance, that every visitor who did the long walk up the floor of the Palazzo Venezia to the desk was quelled by the glare from the great, glowing eyes: one visitor at least can swear that his only terror was produced by the slipperiness of the floor. "Why didn't somebody," I thought as I slithered, "tell me to put chalk on my shoes?" We are also assured that no visitor was ever allowed to sit down before the desk. All I can say is that I definitely did and had a long, interesting and at moments thoroughly amusing conversation. But that was in 1930, long ago.

The last episode in Mussolini's life is most vividly described here and thoroughly documented: Signor Monelli is always conscientious about his documentation, even though he does merely put the case for the prosecution. He, and Claretta who willingly died with him, were butchered without trial by persons who probably adorned themselves with the affectionate name of "Comrades." "Someone had the idea of hanging the bodies from the roof to save them from the mob and enable them to be seen better. Mussolini was the first to be strung up. His feet were tied together with a slip-knot. Some of the crowd who had climbed up on scaffolding pulled on the rope and soon the body was hanging upside down from the coping of the roof, with the head about two yards from the ground. Mussolini's jersey was torn and sodden with blood. The edge of his pants showed beneath the military trousers with the black band and the white stripe. His boots were broken and split. In the harsh light of morning his face was livid, with red and purple marks. The right side was swollen and the mouth was open in a grimace. A great shout went up from the crowd, recalling the applause from those assemblies in the square under his balcony.



THE DICTATOR OF ITALY WITH HIS FAMILY: (FROM L. TO R.) DONNA RACHELE HOLDING ANNA MARIA, MUSSOLINI WITH ROMANO, EDDA, BRUNO AND VITTORIO.

and the British remnant, abandoning arms and equipment, had steamed, sailed and rowed out of Dunkirk, have conjured himself into a superficial belief that, when the time for dividing the spoils came, Italy (treated as a conquering equal by that Hitler who had always bored him stiff) would get her share—Nice, Corsica, Tunis, and perhaps the whole of North Africa. What was the use of thinking anything else? He had taken the plunge; he had taken the plunge, after staying out until it seemed certain to him, as to most of the world, that Germany would win; he dreaded the punishment of abstention, and the dread was fortified (doubtless) by visions of expansion, and by resentment of the treatment (he was very sensitive to this) which he had received at the hands of the "Democracies." A person detached, a man without power or responsibility, might well have seen that even if Germany won, Italy, like the other countries of Europe, would have been treated as a nation of agricultural slaves working for the Chosen People of Berlin. Plenty of detached persons were able to be lofty about the morality of his procedure. But have politicians as a race (especially Italian politicians) ever been notable for putting morality, or honour for that matter, before what they deemed their countries' interests—or, indeed, before the safety of their own skins?

This is by no means meant for a defence of Mussolini: it is merely provoked by Signor Monelli's resolute determination not to try to understand him. Or even, for that matter, to give the devil his due. Of "intimacy," of the Peeping Tom kind, there is certainly plenty in the book: Signor Monelli is almost clairvoyant in his knowledge of what Mussolini said and did to his women friends. But he never gets under the skin of the man: a born artist without room for a God, a demagogue sprung from the ranks and swayed by his own eloquence, a calculator without adequate facts, a man in emergency unscrupulous, a man with an inferiority complex and a need for self-rehabilitation by "conquests" in love and war; every sort of bad thing: but yet an interesting human being, and one who was also intensely interested—even, sometimes, in doing good things, quite apart from "running the trains on time," which Signor Monelli sedulously mentions, following the example of all the foreign sneerers at Mussolini, to whose superior minds punctual trains seem to have been a matter of no importance.



AT ABOUT THE TIME WHEN HE WAS SERVING IN THE 10TH BERSAGLIERI REGIMENT AND, IN SPITE OF HIS REPUTATION OF BEING A "RED," BEHAVED AS A DISCIPLINED AND WILLING SOLDIER: MUSSOLINI AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-TWO.

ignoble, dream of a new Roman Empire: at least he thought he would "get away with it," and he did—Italians who disliked the enterprise were rallied to his side ("Why should we be the dog you try sanctions on?" said an eminent Italian Anglophile to me) by the timid and futile "sanctions" which were applied to Italy. But joining in the war against



"I AM FINISHED. MY STAR HAS SET. I NO LONGER FEEL LIKE AN ACTOR IN THE TRAGEDY, BUT LIKE THE LAST SPECTATOR WAITING FOR IT TO END. I HAVE BEEN WRONG AND I WILL PAY THE PRICE, IF MY WRETCHED LIFE CAN SERVE AS ATONEMENT": MUSSOLINI, WITH LIFELESS EYES AND A SHAVEN HEAD AND DRESSED IN A BRAIDLESS TUNIC AND A BLACK SHIRT WITH A LOW COLLAR, AT GARGNANO SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH.

Illustrations reproduced from "Mussolini"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Thames and Hudson.

Then Claretta was lifted up. Some of the women screamed . . .

I hope this is dispassionate historical recording, and not comradely gloating. From the country of St. Francis not one word of pity: not even for the Poor Clare.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 448 of this issue.

A CAMERA SURVEY: BRITISH ACHIEVEMENT ABROAD, AND OTHER EVENTS.



AFTER AN ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO: THE CAR USED BY THE ASSASSIN (LEFT) AND THE SULTAN ENTERING A CAR (RIGHT).

On September 11 a young house-painter, Allal ben Abdullah, attempted to assassinate the new Sultan of Morocco while the latter was passing in procession through Rabat to the mosque. He drove a car at the Sultan's horse and then attacked with a dagger, but was shot dead by the Sultan's bodyguard.



AN EPISODE DURING FRENCH ARMY MANŒUVRES IN BRITTANY IN WHICH 20,000 MEN TOOK PART: AN ARMOURED UNIT OF THE 19TH INFANTRY DIVISION PARADING FOR AN INSPECTION BY M. DE CHEVIGNE, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.



THE INSTALLATION OF THE FIRST SPEAKER OF THE FEDERATION OF MALAYA LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL:

A VIEW OF THE CEREMONY, WITH SIR GERALD TEMPLER PRESIDING.
On September 2 Dato Setia Wangsa, Mahmud Bin Mat, was installed as the first Speaker of the Federation of Malaya Legislative Council by the High Commissioner, Sir Gerald Templer, in the presence of the Commissioner-General for South-East Asia, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald. The new Speaker is seen in our photograph (wearing wig) as the Clerk of the Council reads out the instrument of his appointment.



ENTERING THE STADIUM AT ENSCHEDE, HOLLAND, TO WIN THE INTERNATIONAL MARATHON RACE OF 26 MILES 385 YARDS IN 2 HOURS, 19 MINS. 22 SECS. ON SEPTEMBER 12: J. PETERS (ESSEX BEAGLES), THE BRITISH MARATHON CHAMPION.



WINNER OF THE CONCOURS D'ÉLÉGANCE ENSEMBLE AT SÈTE: THE HILLMAN MINX CALIFORNIAN HARD-TOP, WHICH WAS ALSO SECOND IN ITS CLASS IN THE RALLY.

This Hillman Minx Californian Hard-Top won the Concours d'Elégance Ensemble at Sète, France, at the conclusion of the London-Languedoc-Sète Touring Rally promoted by the G.B. Car Club. The Hillman Minx also came second in its class in the Rally itself. The Concours d'Elégance took place on August 25.



SETTING UP A NEW WORLD SPEED RECORD FOR STOCK CARS: DONALD HEALEY DRIVING HIS AUSTIN-HEALEY "100" SPORTS CAR AT BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS. On September 10 Donald Healey, the racing motorist, set up a new speed record (subject to confirmation) of 142.636 m.p.h. for stock cars in a British Austin-Healey "100" sports car at Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah. On September 12 he broke records for stock cars for flying and standing starts over distances of up to 10 miles. These new records are subject to confirmation.

IT may be admitted that too much vague and unprofitable talk about "a new Elizabethan age" has recently been heard. At the same time, it is healthy as well as natural that the subjects of Queen Elizabeth II. should look back more often than they were used to, to the great reign of Queen Elizabeth I., that they should make comparisons, perhaps that they should discover new reasons for confidence and hope. Their speculations will not, however, prove to be of great value unless based upon a sound interpretation of the first Elizabethan age. A recent correspondence in *The Times* calls attention to the sort of problem that arises. The original subject of this correspondence was the quality and nature of the portraits of Queen Elizabeth I. Then it at once branched entertainingly into two themes, the original technical matter of the portraits of the Queen and the reliability of Lytton Strachey as an interpreter of her and her age. Mr. A. L. Rowse, who, in "The England of Elizabeth," has proved himself to be the outstanding recent interpreter, held that Strachey, for all his skill, lacked the power to project himself into minds and motives so foreign to his own or to re-create an atmosphere so different to that in which he himself lived and moved.

Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex" was published a quarter of a century ago, almost to a month. It was one of the greatest successes of its period and still makes good reading, even though its style has become out-moded—partly, perhaps, owing to a body of not very successful imitation. No one can doubt that it was the product of a brilliant mind. In those days I knew comparatively little of the first Elizabethan age apart from its verse, and I read the book with deep interest. Within a few years I started my own researches into a subject really more Jacobean than Elizabethan, but taking its rise in the Queen's reign. Then I began to feel doubts as to how far it was wise to rely upon Strachey. He was, as Mr. Rowse remarked in his first letter in the correspondence mentioned, too introspective to be sufficiently imaginative. It struck me, however, that he also suffered from a development of that weakness. He clearly possessed imagination of the sort that is most common with the introspective, that which creates striking pictures by the very process of introspection, by subjecting the material to a highly personal treatment. Further reading and deeper knowledge have confirmed this view.

Strachey did not go in for the vulgar tricks to be found in a great deal of popular history, and especially historical biography. He did not entertain his readers with rain-drops thrumming on the window while the statesman bent over his papers, pausing occasionally to look into the glow of the log fire. Yet where the evidence in support of his thesis petered out he built a little bridge to carry it on. His eye for the dramatic led him to concentrate on what is indeed a highly dramatic theme, the rivalry between Essex and Robert Cecil. (He did not realise the full extent of this rivalry, since it is the subsequent researches of Professor Neale and his pupils that have shown us how they sought to get their respective henchmen into the House of Commons.) On this basis Strachey developed a conception of Cecil as the silent, motionless destroyer. The portrait was effective, all the more so because the subject was a hunchback, with a quiet and gentle manner. We see Mr. Secretary apparently doing nothing, but are told that by imperceptible gestures he is, in fact, tipping the rash favourite over the brink.

The other former friend who played a prominent part in the destruction of Essex was Francis Bacon. Aubrey supplied Strachey with a phrase six words long which was pure treasure trove. Bacon's eye, he wrote, was "like the eie of a viper." Strangely enough, though the picture could not be more sinister, we cannot be sure that Aubrey meant it to be so, or that he was not merely looking round for the most realistic comparison he could find. Bacon becomes in Strachey's hands the snake in the grass. Perhaps he was, but there is a simpler explanation. Francis Bacon was a careerist who had been a client of Essex; his patron had disregarded his prudent advice and had let him down; finally, he had behaved like a dangerous lunatic. Once a hero, he had become a pest of society. He must be struck down. Why should not the ambitious lawyer prove in the process

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE HISTORIAN AS INTERPRETER.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

that he was the best cross-examiner in the kingdom, far superior in subtlety to his leader, the Attorney-General Edward Coke? Bacon was assuredly tortuous, but was he in this instance the serpent of Lytton's clever paint-brush?

As for Cecil, he had not been, so far as we can tell, bitter until the final crisis, though he had become frankly the opponent of Essex before it. A great difference is to be seen in his attitude when Essex returned from Ireland without leave in September 1599, and after his outbreak in February 1601. In



"AUBREY SUPPLIED STRACHEY WITH A PHRASE SIX WORDS LONG WHICH WAS PURE TREASURE TROVE. BACON'S EYE, HE WROTE, WAS 'LIKE THE EIE OF A VIPER'": FRANCIS BACON, BARON VERULAM AND VISCOUNT ST. ALBAN (1561-1626)—A PORTRAIT AFTER P. VAN SOMER.



"STRACHEY DEVELOPED A CONCEPTION OF CECIL AS THE SILENT, MOTIONLESS DESTROYER. THE PORTRAIT WAS EFFECTIVE, ALL THE MORE SO BECAUSE THE SUBJECT WAS A HUNCHBACK, WITH A QUIET AND GENTLE MANNER": ROBERT CECIL, 1ST EARL OF SALISBURY (1563-1612)—A PORTRAIT ON PANEL, PROBABLY AFTER A MINIATURE BY J. HOSKINS.

Robert Cecil, son of Lord Burghley, sat in the Parliament of 1589 as knight of the shire for the County of Hertford, and in 1591 was knighted and sworn of the Privy Council. In 1596 he was appointed Secretary of State and in 1600 was one of the eighteen Commissioners before whom the Earl of Essex was brought to answer for his dereliction of duty in leaving his post in Ireland without leave. Cecil represented Hertfordshire in the last Parliament of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and it was he who read the proclamation declaring James as King of England. He continued in the office of Secretary of State, and in 1605 was created Earl of Salisbury. In 1608 he was appointed Lord Treasurer, and died at Marlborough in 1612.

her and she would have been compelled to do the will of their opponents of the Essex party. Oh, he would have gone on his knees to her, as so often before, but he would have made himself master of her kingdom. No wonder that Mr. Secretary was now implacable. But did he, in fact, tip Essex over the brink? Was the message sent just before the outbreak, bidding him appear before the Council, designed to drive Essex to extremities? Cecil was a secretive man. We cannot say for certain that he had no such idea at the back of his mind. To me, however, it seems that Strachey is here building from his own imagination over gaps in evidence.



"ONCE A HERO, HE HAD BECOME A PEST OF SOCIETY. HE MUST BE STRUCK DOWN": ROBERT DEVEREUX, 2ND EARL OF ESSEX (1567-1601), THE ILL-FATED FAVOURITE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH—A PORTRAIT BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST OF 1597.

Illustrations reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.

I feel that Strachey may have got Cecil and Francis Bacon wrong, and pretty certain that he has got Essex himself wrong. Study Julian Corbett's dealing with Essex in "The Successors of Drake" and you will find a simpler but to my mind a more convincing portrait. To any close observer of the late Elizabethans, says Corbett, "it must always be doubtful whether any other man could have led them

so well." That phrase on an early page must be read in the light of trenchant criticism afterwards. I was once much of Strachey's opinion that Essex had never shown any military genius, "only a military taste." I know enough now to be sure that I was wrong, and that Strachey was wrong. And all through doubts arise on interpretations, most of them perhaps concerned only with the question whether small details or shades are out of drawing, but amounting in sum to something serious. A brilliant passage on Ireland as Essex saw it contains words and phrases deserving high praise, but is slightly distorted, and includes one astounding misunderstanding, most amusing but hardly printable in these pages. In a word, as Mr. Rowse says—though he is more positive than I am—he lacks full understanding of the Elizabethans.

Needless to say, I am writing of him as an interpreter. The more academic historians provide us with the facts, but are often weak in interpretation, especially of a psychological type. Yet interpretation is one of the great functions of the historian, without which he is only a pedestrian chronicler. The full historian who would combine the two functions should not divest himself of his personality and will seldom be able to divest himself of his prejudices—virtually all historical writing, and I think all the liveliest, contains some prejudice. He must, however, be so steeped in his subject that he can comprehend motives, the mainspring of action. He is assuredly not debarred from speculation, but he should take care to make it clear where his speculation begins and ends. If he does that it may take an honourable place in his history or biography, and may inspire others to seek confirmation for it. Historiography resembles scientific research in the sense that one man often begins where another left off, and that every writer has at his disposal, to make of them what he can, the whole body of historical writing on the subject as well as the raw material which is in all probability being steadily added to.

Naturally the historian needs to be more or less a creator according to the sources available to him. Ancient historians working in some fields may have to cover a vast period on the basis of fragments preserved in the writings of others who mentioned the period only incidentally, fragmentary inscriptions and sculpture, fragmentary earthenware, the sifting of a fortress, known events in neighbouring districts, events occurring in his own district, but a century after the time of which he is writing. He has no choice but to be speculative. The historian of the nineteenth century will probably find himself, on the contrary, overwhelmed with material, and frequently have to discard some which he would have been glad to use. Yet the essence of historical writing of the higher order remains the same. Scholarship, honesty, and patience are needed; without imagination their product will remain two-dimensional; without literary skill it will speedily be forgotten by the reading public, though it may keep its place in big libraries and sometimes be consulted with gratitude by the student.

I trust it will appear that I do not take a narrow view. I would go so far as to say that without imagination in the writer there can be no good historical writing: there can be writing of good source-books, a valuable achievement, but a different matter. Only imagination can provide that synthesis which brings a subject to life, peoples an age with men and women, reveals how they lived and thought, and at the same time avoids treating them as if they were all alike, ants of a special type, rather than as diverse as ourselves. In this respect, indeed, the spiritual quality of the historian may have a certain likeness to that of the poet. Even in these days of narrow fields of inquiry and the austerity which those who work them tend to develop, room exists for the inspired figure with creative imagination. But when he rides his imagination he must, like a finished horseman, let it feel the bit all the time. The best in this kind will make mistakes and fall short of their endeavour, just because it is so high. Even so, their work will not only give pleasure but will provide realism, because realism in history depends so much upon the imagination of the writer.



ONE OF THE WORST OUTBREAKS OF FIRE FOR MANY YEARS IN THE ALGONQUIN AREA OF ONTARIO: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE BURNING FOREST.



ANXIOUSLY WAITING FOR NEWS OF FRESH OUTBREAKS: FIRE-FIGHTERS WATCHING A SEAPLANE PILOT LAND AFTER AN AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE IN THE ALGONQUIN AREA.

THE DISASTROUS FOREST FIRES IN CANADA: AN

Parts of Ontario and Quebec have recently been swept by the worst forest fires for many years. The fires are attributed to a long period of hot, rainless weather making the vegetation like tinder ready to burst into flame when campers are careless about their camp fires or lightning strikes a tree. On August 31 it was reported that hundreds of fire-fighters had succeeded in extinguishing twenty-two of more than 100 forest fires then raging in Northern Ontario and that fifteen aircraft with water-bombing equipment, three helicopters and a number of



THE FRESH OUTBREAK: A FIRE-FIGHTER DISCOVERS A FIRE BEFORE IT CAN GET A GOOD HOLD WHILE PATROLLING IN THE ALGONQUIN AREA.

OUTBREAK IN THE ALGONQUIN AREA OF ONTARIO.

bulldozers had been used to locate and to control the outbreaks. On September 2 two large fires were reported to be raging in Algonquin Park, west of Ottawa. Helicopters are particularly useful to the fire-fighters for they can land a fire-fighting party with their equipment in any area shortly after an outbreak has been seen from the air by an aircraft on patrol. Bulldozers are used to tear out large strips in the forest to form fire-breaks, thus enclosing an area beyond which the flames can not travel.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

By J. C. TREWIN

HERE are two wives. One was born a century later than the other, and their surroundings are wildly different. Each is among the most famous women's parts in the theatre. It was strange to meet them within a few days of each other, and also within a few hundred yards: one at the Lyric, Hammersmith, one at the King's.

The wives are Lady Teazle, of "The School for Scandal"—we never know her first name—and Nora Helmer, of "A Doll's House": Lady Teazle, the country squire's daughter who used, before her marriage, to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, and comb her aunt's lapdog; and Nora, who before marriage was her father's "doll-child." (Marriage did not vastly alter her condition.)

Sheridan, who put the Teazles on the stage, did not seek to prove anything. Although he was thrusting at scandal, he was far more anxious to write a good-humoured theatrical comedy than to moralise. But Ibsen, in the first of his social dramas, was being sternly purposeful. Nora is a pampered "skylark" awakening to a sense of responsibility. When the door slams at the end of the play—among the renowned effects of the theatre—a woman has gone out to find freedom: she symbolises the emancipation of her sex. Lady Teazle (though she also awakens to her responsibilities) would, I think, have found Nora a very odd squirrel indeed.

Few visitors to "A Doll's House" to-day worry about its symbolism. Academic critics sieve the piece in the study, ransack it for fresh meanings, worry it to death—just as writers now are asking what exactly Mr. Eliot means by this speech and that in "The Confidential Clerk," and whether Mrs. Guzzard, of Teddington, personifies something portentous. (If so, what?) But there is no need to scratch round for the inner meanings of "A Doll's House." In the theatre we take it, and wisely, at its simplest: as a play, infinitely touching, about the plight of a human being: a play that is quite simply, and almost without qualification, a masterpiece. (It is time, of course, for someone to tell us that Ibsen knew nothing at all about his job.)

At first we may wince a little at Torvald's squirrel-and-skylark lingo; but Ibsen intends us to wince. Torvald, the smug, possessive egotist, runs naturally to that kind of phrase. Peter Ashmore, who has adapted "A Doll's House" for its Lyric, Hammersmith, revival, has improved upon some of the stilted English renderings. I did not notice one of my favourite horrors, "A songbird must have a clean beak to chirp with."

Mai Zetterling, the latest Nora, is altogether less happy as songbird-and-squirrel than she is in the third act, when the woman grown up suddenly after her agonised Christmas, turns at last upon her husband. Clearly, the Nora of the early scenes must chirp and flutter, and babble of macaroons. Still it can be managed tactfully; Miss Zetterling twitters on one note. Although her command of English has developed, and she is more at ease with Nora than Nina, Ibsen's skylark than Chekhov's seagull, we are aware, in the first act, of her vocal monotony. An exaggerated tripping-hither, tripping-thither, does not help. But when Nora is desperate, and when she changes from doll-wife to woman, the actress becomes true and touching. The last act is beautifully done; and,

before this, Miss Zetterling has made much of the tarantella scene, higher-pitched than usual and, I feel, legitimately. For once a Nora does dance "as if her life depended upon it"; and we can remember, if we wish—as the dons tell us—that the tarantella is traditionally "the dance of victims of the poisonous spider." (Though I hardly think that this would have troubled many minds at Hammersmith.)

The new Nora and her Torvald—the celebrated Danish actor, Mogens Wieth—had to play their last act under difficulties. Reece Pemberton has designed a multiple set in which, besides the living-room, we see the Helmers' bedroom, slightly raised across one angle of the stage, and at the back the hall where the letterbox waits prominently, ready to receive Krogstad's letters and Rank's visiting-cards. This is ingenious, and Mr. Ashmore can use it with effect at times; but it is a pity to send Nora and Torvald to the bedroom for their famous last scene. However natural it may be—we have never before met a Torvald, collarless and in shirt-sleeves, lying on the bed as he talks away in the exuberance

of his relief—Ibsen would have noted this if he had wished it; and I am sure that he intended the players to take the centre of the stage and not to be tucked away on one side.

Even so, Miss Zetterling and Mr. Wieth can carry the audience. And it should be said at once that Mr. Wieth is among the most credible Torvalds in recollection. He is a natural actor, without any of the self-conscious, passed-to-you, "throw-away" playing that can be so tiresome. He pinks Torvald's smugness and conceit exactly. At the last he can move plausibly from the champagne-bubbling, after-the-party man to the lord-and-master frenzied alike in fury and in relief ("I'm saved!" he cries in words that declare his own doom). And we shall remember Torvald as he stands forsaken, a slightly absurd, pathetic figure, coatless, his private world wrecked about him, while

he hears far below—as we do—the slamming of a door. Mr. Wieth's diction is admirably flexible: we would not have thought that this was the first time he had acted in English, and that Torvald was a part new to him.

Other players can fill out the piece: Rosalie Crutchley (Mrs. Linde), George Rose (Krogstad), Michael Goodliffe (Rank), are all in key, though two



"WE REALISE FROM THE FIRST THAT WHEN THE SCREEN FALLS, SIR PETER'S 'LADY TEAZLE, BY ALL THAT'S DAMNABLE!' WILL BE FULLY WEIGHTED": "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" (KING'S THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH), SHOWING (FROM L. TO R.) SIR PETER TEAZLE (DONALD WOLFIT), LADY TEAZLE (ROSALIND IDEN), CHARLES SURFACE (DAVID OXLEY), AND JOSEPH SURFACE (MICHAEL BLYTHE).

of them—and Mr. Rose in particular—seemed, before the play began, to have been cast daringly against type.

It was, on the whole, the husband's night. So, too, at the King's, Hammersmith, where Donald Wolfit has been entering the Teazle country for the first time (Sir Peter may, of course, have met Lord Ogleby). The husband in this play must wonder wryly whether it is not time for the emancipation of men. Lady Teazle is not a chattel, a songbird, a squirrel, a macaroon-nibbler: until that fatal screen falls, she is very much the mistress of her household. Mr. Wolfit wisely refuses to puff out Sir Peter, to pretend that the part is a master-work. It is not; but it needs an actor who will keep the man steady, who will refuse to make a senile buffoon of him. It is the simplest thing in the world to let Sir Peter

dwindle to a kind of walking husk, and his "settled married look" to a preposterously doleful mask. Mr. Wolfit's Sir Peter is Sheridan's, tetchy but dignified and honest, and that is what matters: we realise from the first that when the screen falls, Sir Peter's "Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable!" will be fully weighted.

Rosalind Iden, knowing her craft, is unpretentiously a Lady Teazle without tricks (she finds the right classical pose when the screen is down). This is a true compliment, for I have known the part preposterously over-embellished. I remember especially an actress, during my first years in the theatre, who brought to poor Lady Teazle so much false "style"—which there meant an odd muddle of fidgety twitches and vocal carolings—that, had she strayed into Sheridan's London, she would probably have been carted off to an asylum on sight. At Hammersmith the brothers Surface are competent; Ernest Hare's nabob swells expansively among the rupees; and, in general, the play is done soundly and decoratively. One or two exceptions: Sir Benjamin labours far too

hard, and Crabtree misses for me the final thrust of my favourite speech in Sheridan: the circumstantial account of the duel, with the pistol-ball that struck a little bronze Shakespeare that stood over the fireplace, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire.

Mrs. Crabtree (if any) would have had plenty of domestic small-talk; but I refuse to imagine the old monster with a wife.



"FOR ONCE A NORA DOES DANCE 'AS IF HER LIFE DEPENDED UPON IT'": A SCENE FROM ACT II. OF IBSEN'S "A DOLL'S HOUSE," IN A NEW ADAPTATION BY PETER ASHMORE, AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH; SHOWING NORA (MAI ZETTERLING) AND TORVALD (MOGENS WIETH).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"SING FOR YOUR SUPPER" (Irving).—An unfortunate attempt at an intimate revue. (September 3.)

YUGOSLAV NATIONAL DANCERS (Sadler's Wells).—An exhilarating performance by a company largely from Yugoslavia Macedonia. (September 7.)

"THE LADY IN THE ICE" (Stoll).—The Roland Petit company in an Orson Welles parable-ballet to music by Jean-Michel Damase. (September 7.)

"A DOLL'S HOUSE" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—This is a Scandinavian night: a famous Norwegian play, with a Swedish actress and a Danish actor in the principal parts. Mai Zetterling recovers from early exaggeration to bring Nora sharply to life in the last act (that ends when "the sound of a door shutting is heard from below"). Mogens Wieth knows all about Torvald; and Peter Ashmore has produced with clarity, though he need not have let the set design hamper the last scene. (September 8.)

AN IDEAL FAMILY CAR: THE STANDARD EIGHT.



A FAMILY PICNIC BY THE WATER'S SIDE: THE OWNER OF A NEW STANDARD EIGHT, THE LATEST IN A LONG LINE OF SUCCESSFUL MODELS, IN THE COUNTRY.



SHOWING THE "TYGAN" UPHOLSTERY, RUBBER FLOORING, SEATING AND EASY ACCESS BY FORWARD HINGED DOORS: THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW STANDARD EIGHT.



PERSONALLY TESTING THE NEW STANDARD EIGHT: SIR JOHN BLACK, DEPUTY CHAIRMAN AND MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE STANDARD MOTOR CO., LTD., IN NORTH WALES.

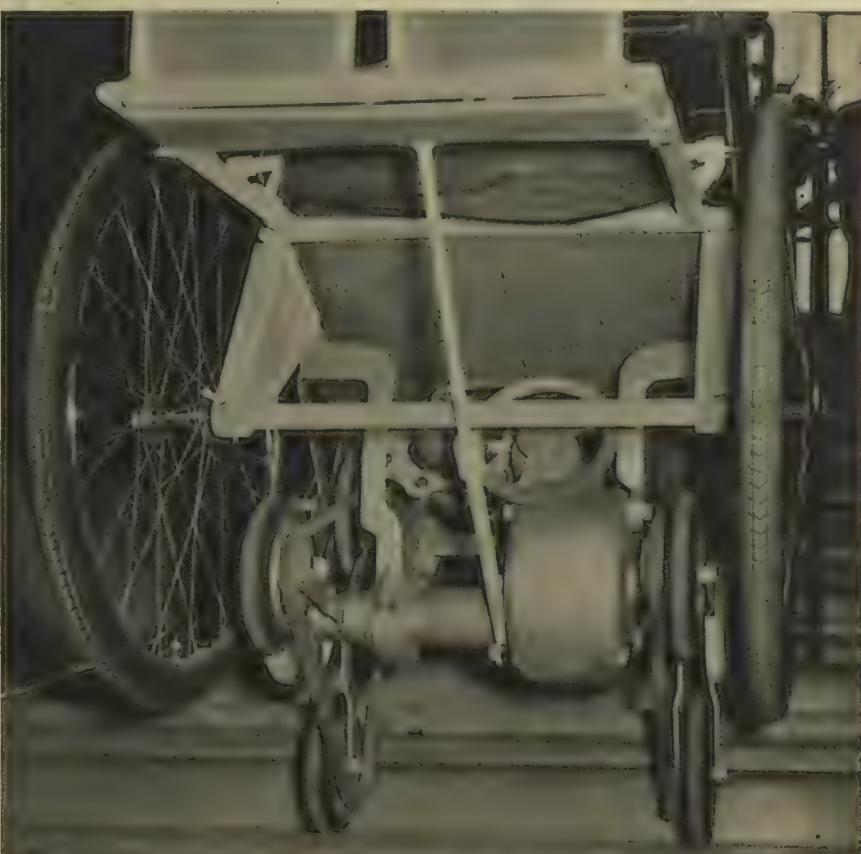
The Motor Show, which opens at Earls Court on October 21, promises to offer the prospective small-car owner a number of models from which to choose. Chief among the foreign competitors in this market is the German Volkswagen selling at £649 19s. 2d., including purchase tax. Details of what may be described as the British "People's Car" have, however, recently been given by the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., and this model, the new Standard Eight, which is now coming off the assembly lines at their Canley, Coventry, factory, may well become the favourite family car. Priced at £481 7s. 6d. (including purchase tax), the new Standard Eight has four wide forward hinged doors giving easy access to the front and rear seats and the four-cylinder engine gives a speed of over 60 m.p.h., with a fuel consumption of 45 to 50 miles per gallon at cruising speeds. A unique feature is the way the back seat folds forward to enable the rear of the car to be used for storing luggage.

A PERSONAL "ESCALATOR" FOR THE DISABLED.

On September 9 Mr. Ove Hauschild, of Copenhagen, the maker, demonstrated a new Danish electric stair-climbing chair at the Middlesex Guildhall, Westminster. The chair was specially imported by the Central Council for the Care of Cripples, whose aim is to ensure that every disabled person shall have a chance to live as normal and independent a life as possible in the community of which he is a part. The stair-climbing wheels are fitted below the chair, with the ordinary wheels for indoor use on the outside, and are in sets of three, which rotate on a central axis.



A DANISH INVENTION DEMONSTRATED AT THE MIDDLESEX GUILDHALL: THE ELECTRIC STAIR-CLIMBING CHAIR FOR USE BY DISABLED PERSONS, SHOWING THE SPECIAL WHEELS.



SHOWING THE SET OF STAIR-CLIMBING WHEELS AND OUTER WHEELS FOR INDOOR USE: THE NEW DANISH INVALID CHAIR, WHICH GIVES MORE FREEDOM TO THE DISABLED.



"WHEN," asked my companion, squirming uneasily in a cane-backed, cane-seated bergère-type of chair in the hotel lounge, "when did chair-makers first think of cane strips as suitable material for furniture?"—meaning, how long before Wheatley produced his sentimental, pretty series of fantasies of the Cries of London, one of which is "Chairs to Mend," did this Oriental vegetable become a normal article of commerce? I suppose that of all the Cries, "Chairs to Mend" and "Buy my sweet Lavender" were the last to be heard by mortal ears; I have certainly heard them on more than one occasion before the war, though I doubt whether the old tradition still survives. I suspect that the latter was more a cloak for gipsy begging than an advertisement for a genuine florist's business, but the "Chairs



FIG. 1. PROBABLY MADE IN GREAT NUMBERS AND USED DAY IN AND DAY OUT IN THE ORDINARY HURLY-BURLY OF FAMILY LIFE: A SENSIBLE AND VERY EARLY TYPE OF CANE-SEATED CHAIR (C. 1660) IN WALNUT WITH SPIRALLY-TURNED STRETCHERS, WHICH IS NOW VERY RARE. Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

to Mend" man was a considerable craftsman, whose fingers flew like a pianist's as he wove his strands of future torture.

It will be clear from this that I take a poor view of cane-seated chairs as efficient supports for the human carcase—the seat invariably sags before long and then you suffer agonies from the edge of the wooden frame. No, not the perfect material for the good life unsupported by cushions, and even then it does not stand up to weight. What is the stuff, anyway? My encyclopædia says it is a name applied to several plants, but most properly to those belonging to the genus *Calamus*, from which rattan canes are made (*Malay rotan*). The stems are thin and reedy and creep or trail to an enormous length, often reaching 500 or 600 ft., and they are used for bottoming chairs and in making ropes and baskets. Not to be confused with the sugar-cane, which is really a grass, and so, to my surprise, are the canes used for fishing-rods, while the rattan cane used as a walking-stick is the thick stem of *Calamus scipionum*. How ingenious are the botanists with their dog Latin! How pleasant to walk about with a trusty reed of the *Scipios* in one's hand!

But I began with a serious question—when was the stuff first used in the furniture business? The question is ordinary; so is the street in Hull called the Land

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. CHAIRS TO MEND.

By FRANK DAVIS.

of Green Ginger, but what sights and sounds and colours are evoked by it!—the ships of the old Dutch East India Company nosing their way through the Straits of Malacca to the fabulous East. Presumably it was the Dutch East India Company which first introduced cane into Northern Europe, though I dare say the Portuguese had a hand in it too. In these islands we began to use it after 1660, taking our cue from Holland, as we did with other furniture fashions. Indeed, he is a bold man who can absolutely be sure he can always distinguish between Dutch and English workmanship in these elaborately-carved, cane-seated and cane-backed chairs. Authority in the person of Mr. Ralph Edwards, of the Victoria and Albert Museum, puts it thus: "These late Stuart chairs in some instances closely approximate Continental models, but in foreign examples the rope of the spiral turning is thicker, the hollows less prominent, the resulting twist being close and rapid. The ornament of imported chairs is generally more crisply cut, lighter in handling and in lower relief; while the stretcher between the back legs is often omitted." These, you will agree, are very slight distinctions, and you will require a very wide acquaintance with chairs of this type before you dare express even a tentative opinion, and even then you will probably reach a conclusion—right or wrong—based upon the general character of the chair rather than upon such minor details.

The best set of Dutch chairs of this sort known to me is in the President's Lodging at Queens' College, Cambridge, and I remember being quite pleased with myself many years ago when they were shown to me and I guessed right; I have an uneasy feeling that it was more by luck than judgment. You are confronted by the same difficulty with the Dutch furniture of the early eighteenth century; some of it is very similar to our own Queen Anne walnut, and a great deal was shipped over to us after the First World War and sold as English Queen Anne—not, as a rule, I should add, rare or important pieces, but the ordinary run of commercial furniture. On the whole, then, these cane-seated chairs, comfortable enough for a day or two, were—as we should say to-day—heavy on maintenance, and certainly not made for the rough-and-tumble of the average household, which is one reason why comparatively few of them have survived, though they must have been made in great

numbers, especially the cheaper and less elaborate varieties with beechwood frames as distinct from walnut. Beechwood is, on the whole, more flimsy and is specially favoured by worm—indeed, there is a much-quoted reference in John Evelyn's "Sylva: A Discourse on Forest Trees" (1664), in which that forestry pioneer wants its use prohibited for that very reason.

Here in Fig. 1 is what is generally regarded as an early type—walnut, with spirally-turned stretchers (barley-sugar twist, in nursery language)—I fancy, very rare indeed, for the reason that it is an extremely sensible and simple design and not a chair of ceremony like Figs. 2 and 3. In other words, my guess is that it was probably made in great numbers and used day in and day out in the ordinary hurly-burly of family life; casualties would be enormous. The very elaborate carving of the chair of Fig. 2 would almost certainly ensure that it was treated with some respect, and it is not the kind of thing which would be found in the average household. I suggest that just because so many—comparatively many, that is—of these highly elaborate chairs have survived when simpler ones have perished, we have grown up with the notion that the late seventeenth century was a far more luxurious age than in fact it was.

One is tempted to judge the period by the rather grim, fusty extravagances of Ham House, which I find impressively purse-proud and *parvenu*, possibly because I am allowing myself to be prejudiced by the singularly unpleasant personalities of the Duke of Lauderdale and his wife—which is irrational—but that great house came to mind at the moment because it contains a set of utterly absurd and surely most uncomfortable cane-bottomed chairs in imitation lacquer which must be among the earliest attempts in this country to adopt Oriental ideas to Western conventions. By the end of the century the back has become higher and the carving is simpler, front-stretcher and cresting (*i.e.*, the upper part of the back) designed as a scroll pattern (Fig. 3). All three chairs are graceful enough, for all their convolutions, but it must be confessed that they are not regarded with any great favour by the modern housewife, who abominates furniture which is apparently designed to harbour dust. There is this to be said about them: they are uncommonly difficult to fake, and attempts at imitation I have seen have been singularly inept.

Finally, here is a photograph (Fig. 4) which has just reached me from a reader in Bath. It has nothing to do with these seventeenth-century chairs, but is a library chair of, I suppose, about 1730-40, and is to be compared with the interesting chair published with a somewhat hilarious commentary on this page in the issue of August 22. This one was bought by the present owner's great uncle at the sale of the effects of Lord Eldin (Judge of the Court of Sessions), who died in 1830. It is a better-made piece than the Victoria and Albert example, with scroll carving on the knees and no stretchers. The leather appears to be in excellent condition and the line of the back goes up to a slight curve without the rather clumsy bulbous effect of the other. Another difference is the way the swing drawers in the two arms are pivoted—in the one from the front, in this chair from the back. For the benefit of those who did not happen to see the photograph previously published, I should add that you sit astride, facing the back, rest your arms on the two pads at each side and prop your book on the reading-desk; a very comfortable position indeed, provided, of course, that you are the right height. But not only this, but all chairs should, in an ideal world, be tailored to measure.



FIG. 4. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE INTERESTING CHAIR ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE IN THE ISSUE OF AUGUST 22: A CARVED MAHOGANY LIBRARY CHAIR, COVERED IN THE ORIGINAL LEATHER, WITH ARM-RESTS AND READING-DESK (c. 1730-40).



FIG. 2. "NOT THE KIND OF THING WHICH WOULD BE FOUND IN THE AVERAGE HOUSEHOLD" OF THE PERIOD: AN ELABORATELY CARVED AND TURNED WALNUT CHAIR WITH CANE BACK AND SEAT (c. 1675).

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FIG. 3. "BY THE END OF THE CENTURY THE BACK HAS BECOME HIGHER AND THE CARVING IS SIMPLER": A CARVED AND PAINTED BEECHWOOD CHAIR WITH CANE SEAT AND BACK (c. 1690).

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DUTCH ART IN EDINBURGH: WORKS LENT BY THE EARL OF ELLESMORE.



"A VIEW OF HOUSES BY A CANAL IN AMSTERDAM": BY JAN VAN DER HEYDEN (1637-1712). ALTHOUGH A FEW SMALL FIGURES ARE GOING ABOUT, A PROFOUND PEACE SEEMS TO ENVELOP THE SCENE.



"A VIEW OF A TOWN MOAT": BY JACOB VAN RUISDAEL (1630-1682). EVERY PATCH OF LOCAL COLOUR IS EMPHASIZED: THE BREADTH OF TONE OF EARLIER PAINTERS IS OUT OF FASHION.



"A TRAVELLING FISHMONGER": BY JAN STEEN (1626-1679). JAN STEEN'S GOOD-NATURED OBSERVATION OF THE DAILY LIFE OF THE DUTCH PEOPLE IS SPLENDIDLY APPARENT IN THIS DELIGHTFUL GENRE PAINTING.



"SELF-PORTRAIT": BY REMBRANDT HARMENSZ VAN RIJN (1607-1669). SIGNED AND DATED 1657, WHEN THE ARTIST WAS AGED JUST FIFTY. THE LATEST OF THE FIVE REMBRANDTS LENT BY THE EARL OF ELLESMORE FOR EXHIBITION AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND.



"THE PROPOSAL AT THE HOUSE DOOR": BY ADRIAEN VAN OSTADE (1610-1685). THIS PAINTING IS AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF ADRIAEN VAN OSTADE'S CLOSELY-OBSERVED STUDIES OF PEASANTS.



"THE SURRENDER OF THE ROYAL PRINCE": BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE, THE YOUNGER (1633-1707). AN EPISODE DURING THE FOUR-DAYS BATTLE WITH THE DUTCH FLEET OFF THE NORTH FORELAND, JUNE 1666.

Continued. The seventeenth century, the zenith of the art of the Low Countries. The reproductions on this page serve to indicate the quality of the exhibition. Mr. David Baxendall, Director of the National Gallery of Scotland, points out that in Van der Heyden's "View of Houses by a Canal in Amsterdam," a profound peace seems to envelop the scene; he notes that in the "View of a Town Moat," by Jacob van Ruisdael, every patch of local colour is emphasized;

THE Earl of Ellesmere generously lent a selection of fine Dutch paintings from his famed collection of Old Masters for exhibition at the National Gallery of Scotland during the Edinburgh Festival. The display, which will continue until October, consists of fifty-seven paintings by thirty different artists, including five by Rembrandt, five by Cuyp and four by Jacob van Ruisdael. Except for one flower piece by Van Huysum, all the pictures on view date from

[Continued below, left.]



"A WOMAN SELLING FISH": BY GABRIEL METSU (1630-1667). THIS TINY PANEL IS PAINTED WITH A DELICACY THAT GIVES IT DIGNITY AND BEAUTY FAR BEYOND ITS SIZE AND SUBJECT.

the breadth of tone of such predecessors as Jan van Goyen had become an outworn convention and is replaced by a new brightness of colour. The Rembrandt self-portrait shows him when just fifty. It is signed and dated 1657. The Van de Velde sea-piece shows an episode of the four-days battle with the Dutch Fleet off the North Foreland in June 1666. The English Admiral's flagship (left-centre) ran aground and had to surrender.

RECOVERY AFTER DISASTER: CANVEY ISLAND IN FEBRUARY—AND AUGUST.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE GREAT FLOOD OF JANUARY 31: THE WASTE OF WATERS ON CANVEY ISLAND, SURROUNDING THE CASINO AND STRETCHING BACK FROM SHELL BEACH.



ON AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY, SIX MONTHS LATER: THE SAME VIEW OF CANVEY ISLAND FROM THE AIR, WHEN CANVEY WAS CROWDED WITH A RECORD INFLUX OF HOLIDAY-MAKERS.



A VIVID TESTIMONY OF RECOVERY AFTER DISASTER: THE SHELL BEACH OF CANVEY ISLAND, SHOWING THE CHILDREN'S POOL, IN THE AUGUST AFTER THE GREAT FLOOD.

The upper-left photograph on this page is reprinted from our issue of February 7 this year, when we were reporting the terrible floods which struck the East Coast on the night of January 31. Of all the stricken places Canvey Island, in the Thames Estuary, suffered worst, both in loss of life and in widespread damage to property. In our upper-right photograph we show almost exactly the same scene, also photographed from the air, but taken on the August Bank Holiday. So great a recovery had been made that that particular week-end was a record for the



A LITTLE TO THE EAST OF THE LOWER LEFT-HAND PICTURE: THE MAIN POOL ON CANVEY ISLAND'S SHELL BEACH. THE ISLAND HAS MADE A GREAT RECOVERY.

resort; and so much has been done that, it is now stated, all have now returned to their homes in the island and it is almost impossible to find any evidence of the flood disaster. The northern sea wall has been reconstructed; while work on the southern wall is about half-done and will be resumed after the close of the holiday season. In fact, six months after total inundation and almost complete evacuation, Canvey Island is back to normal again. (The three photographs taken in August are by Aerofilms, Ltd.)

AN ETRUSCAN DIANA OF THE FIRST RANK: A TERRA-COTTA MASTERPIECE OF THE 5TH CENTURY B.C. RESTORED TO KNOWLEDGE AND PRISTINE BEAUTY.

By PERRY T. RATHBONE, Director, City Art Museum of St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.
(Photographs by courtesy of The City Art Museum of St. Louis, Missouri.)

OF Etruscan terra-cotta statues, Pliny the Elder, said they are "more worthy of honour than gold and . . . more innocent." It is fair to say that no work that survives more deserves that ancient judgment than the astonishing Diana recently acquired by the City Art Museum of St. Louis, and here published for the first time (Colour Plate overleaf). Indeed, the statue is one of the most important revelations of the art of classical antiquity that has been made in the twentieth century. As the sculptured embodiment of a personality, she has few peers by any standard of comparison. Standing 47½ ins. high, the figure is modelled of terra-cotta which was fired in one piece according to the technique brought to high perfection by the ancient Etruscans. Created by an unknown master about 480 B.C., the Diana is one of the best of not more than seven examples of similar age, size and quality that have survived. In the opinion of Dr. Hans Mühlstein, of Zurich, the eminent Etruscologist, the St. Louis Diana has only one artistically worthy parallel—the famous Apollo of Veii in the Villa Giulia Museum, in Rome. Referring to the Diana as "a momentous enrichment of the patrimony of Etruscan art," he draws attention to "the incredibly well-preserved head which alone would be a discovery of first importance." Dr. Mühlstein has in preparation a definitive new work on the art and culture of the Etruscans in which the Diana will serve as the frontispiece.

An unusual history lies behind this rare and beautiful work of art. In modern times Diana first saw the light in 1872, when she was excavated near Civita Castellana, in the territory of Falisco, north of Rome. Her enviable discoverer was Count Francesco Mancinelli-Scotti, an amateur archaeologist of considerable achievement and renown. Many of his Etruscan finds he presented to the museums of Italy. The Diana he reserved for himself. His interest in his amazing discovery, however, did not extend to having his prize properly put together or even cleaned. Nor did he concern himself with having the sculpture published or exhibited. But he did take the trouble to assemble the pieces in a half-hearted way, bind them crudely together with string, and take a record photograph (Fig. 1). In time the Diana fell to the heirs of the Count and, still in her original condition, she was sold many years ago to a Swiss collector

form, in her simple and unaffected stride, she would pass for an ingenuous Etruscan maiden parading the attributes of the goddess were it not for her sensuous and seductive face (Figs. 6 and 7). A chaste Diana, however traditional, was

obviously not the artist's intention. The figure is clad in the raiment of the contemporary Greeks, an



FIG. 1. THE ETRUSCAN "DIANA THE HUNTRESS" AS SHE REMAINED FROM HER DISCOVERY IN 1872 UNTIL HER RECENT RECONSTRUCTION—A NUMBER OF TERRA-COTTA FRAGMENTS TIED TOGETHER WITH STRING. A RECORD PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY HER DISCOVERER, COUNT FRANCESCO MANCINELLI-SCOTTI, IN THE 1870'S.

ivory-coloured under-garment or *chiton* and a short *himation* of earth-red. Traces of a checkered border appear at the throat and the garments are edged with an earth-red border. The hair, also earth-red, is dressed in numerous curls severely formalised, spreading over the shoulders and confined at the crown with an ivory-coloured fillet striped with red. At the front the fillet is pierced with two holes (Fig. 6) suggesting that an ornament—perhaps a specific attribute, like the sickle moon—originally graced the head of the goddess. Button ear-rings, surprisingly modern, decorated with a swirl pattern, adorn the ears (Figs. 6 and 7). With her right hand the goddess gathers up the hems of her garments; in her left she carries a bow, while a quiver of arrows is fixed to her back. The nature of terra-cotta requires additional support for the statue at the base. This is provided—as in the case of the Apollo of Veii—by a graceful *anthemion*, an ornament familiar in the architecture of both the Greeks and the Etruscans. Here the fawn is made to straddle the *anthemion*, which is also ingeniously brought into contact with the falling drapery of Diana's *chiton*. The holes in the supporting ornament, as well as the rectangular aperture in Diana's back (Fig. 5), served as vents for the escape of steam in the firing.

Hardly less extraordinary than the conception of the Diana is her state of preservation. In fact, with the possible exception of the monumental warrior in the Metropolitan Museum, she is the best-preserved Etruscan sculpture of the period in existence. The state of the polychromy alone is worthy of note (Fig. 2) and testifies to the remarkable durability of colour-washes fired on to terra-cotta. Some flaking of the white slip covering the flesh, the *chiton* and the body of the fawn has taken place, but the earth-red passages are virtually intact. Nevertheless, the statue has suffered damage and some losses. It has been put together from one major and twenty minor pieces (Figs. 2 and 3). The shank of the left hind-leg of the fawn has been restored as well as part of the right ear; likewise the bow and the quiver of arrows, both of which are the final and most successful of numerous trial models. Of Diana's figure the first two toes of



FIG. 2. THE MAJOR FRAGMENT OF THE ETRUSCAN DIANA, BEFORE RECONSTRUCTION. A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS WELL THE THICKNESS OF THE TERRA-COTTA WALLS AND ALSO THE EXCELLENT PRESERVATION OF THE DIFFERENT COLOURS.

living in the Canton of Ticino. From him the sculpture was acquired for St. Louis by an agent of the Museum.

The ancient sculptor conceived his goddess of the moon and the chase as a youthful figure moving forward with springing step, accompanied by a fawn leaping at her side. In her compact and muscular

the left foot have been replaced and the under-side of the right heel as well as a piece of the edge of the left ear and small bits of the curls where the neck joins the shoulders. A jagged hole in Diana's right shoulder has been filled in (Figs. 4 and 6), and the left half of the base has been restored. With the exception of the latter, the hair restorations and the heel, all these replacements may be quickly and easily removed by the release of a screw in each case. The entire surface of the group has been left untouched except for tinting the binding medium along the various fractures.

As in the case of the crested Greek helmet, published in *The Illustrated London News*, August 5, 1950, the Museum was fortunate enough to retain the services

of Mr. Joseph Ternbach, of New York, for the task of restoration. The extremely subtle and exacting operations of piecing the Diana together, reinforcing the statue from inside, and fashioning the permanent and removable restorations in terra-cotta, were carried out by this master craftsman with the utmost pains, understanding and ingenuity. It was Mr. Ternbach alone who solved the riddle of the curious placement of the aperture in Diana's back. Hitherto this disfiguring element had been considered as a mere vent, arbitrarily placed to insure successful firing. Mr. Ternbach recognised it as also a slot for securing the goddess's quiver, a hypothetical replica of which he made in terra-cotta (Fig. 5 and Colour Plate). The correctness of his supposition is further proved by a study of the composition of the group. Viewed from the front, the quiver continues the diagonal line of the backward placement of the right leg. Without this diagonal accent the statue appears to be listing to the left.

Nevertheless, in keeping with Mr. Ternbach's conscientious approach, and the desire of the Museum to avoid over-zealous restoration, the quiver, like the bow and other replacements, can be removed with ease and without any damage to the original fabric.

The Diana dates from the most brilliant period of Etruscan art, when this pre-Roman culture was under the influence of Greek art and before it was overthrown by the military might of Rome. The archaic style of the drapery and the face are reminiscent of Greek sculpture of the early fifth century B.C., but the stocky figure and naturalistic movement are purely Etruscan. We are impressed by this ancient master's command of form, the eloquent simplification of a very complex subject. It is apparent in the breadth and vigour of the modelling: the ample formation of the limbs, the lovely contours of the face, the alert eyes and speaking mouth, the flutes of drapery and melodic hemlines. Yet this great quality is surpassed by the intangible—the living human charm that animates Diana. It is the limpid, breathing personality with which the nameless artist informed his terra-cotta goddess that accounts for her irresistible appeal and the immediacy of her impact upon the observer. Thanks, therefore, to the genius of an Etruscan



FIG. 3. THE TWENTY SMALL FRAGMENTS, WHICH WERE COMBINED WITH THE LARGE FRAGMENT OF FIG. 2 TO PRODUCE THE MAGNIFICENT WORK SHOWN IN OUR COLOUR-PLATE OVERLEAF.

Pygmalion and a happy fate, Diana strides into our world with a vitality and exuberance that astonish us, a link with antiquity in many ways unrivalled. Thus, while stirring us aesthetically and intriguing us personally, the St. Louis Diana will, it is certain, arouse fresh interest in the still mysterious and too little known Etruscan culture that created her.

"A MOMENTOUS ENRICHMENT" OF THE MASTERPIECES OF ETRUSCAN ART.



FIG. 4. THE RIGHT-HAND PROFILE OF THE ETRUSCAN DIANA, AFTER THE ASSEMBLING OF THE FRAGMENTS, BUT BEFORE THE MAKING GOOD OF THE VARIOUS MISSING PORTIONS.



FIG. 5. THE BACK VIEW OF THE DIANA, SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC ETRUSCAN STOCKINESS OF FIGURE; AND THE SLOT WHICH IT IS PRESUMED, TOOK THE QUIVER.



FIG. 6. "A LIMPID AND BREATHING PERSONALITY" WITH A "SENSUOUS AND SEDUCTIVE FACE." THE HAIR FILLET MAY HAVE CARRIED A CRESCENT-MOON SYMBOL.

The terra-cotta statue of Diana the Huntress, illustrated in colour on the opposite page and in detail above, is a virtual addition to the masterpieces of Etruscan art. It was, indeed, found as long ago as 1872 by the Italian archaeologist Count Francesco Mancinelli-Scotti in excavations near Civita Castellana; but for some unknown reason was not restored or even cleaned, but simply tied together with string and photographed for record purposes (Fig. 1). It was recently acquired by the City Art Museum of St. Louis, Missouri; and the major fragment and



FIG. 7. "DIANA STRIDES INTO OUR WORLD WITH A VITALITY AND EXUBERANCE THAT ASTONISH US, A LINK WITH ANTIQUITY IN MANY WAYS UNRIVALLED."

twenty smaller fragments (Figs. 2 and 3) have been assembled by Mr. Joseph Ternbach. In addition, he supplied a few missing fragments, although in such a way that these additions can be removed at will; and now that the statue, which is nearly 4 ft. high, appears in something very like its pristine beauty, it is apparent that it is among the very best examples of Etruscan art, and is, indeed, comparable with the acknowledged masterpiece of its kind, the Apollo of Veii. [Photographs by courtesy of the City Art Museum, St. Louis, Missouri.]



THE ETRUSCAN "DIANA THE HUNTRESS": A LITTLE-KNOWN BUT MOST APPEALING AND BEAUTIFUL TERRA-COTTA STATUE OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C. RECENTLY ACQUIRED AND RECONSTRUCTED BY AN AMERICAN MUSEUM.

This most interesting piece of Etruscan terracotta sculpture dating from the fifth century B.C. has been recently acquired by the City Art Museum of St. Louis, Missouri, and, having been cleaned and skilfully pieced together by Mr. Joseph Ternbach, who has also provided the hypothetical reconstruction of two details that were missing but which are easily and quickly detachable, is to be placed on public view this month for the first time. The statue is of Diana the Huntress and may be regarded as one of the finest, if, indeed, not also the most appealing and beautiful,

Etruscan sculptures of the great period that has survived. It stands 47½ ins. high and although it was unearthed eighty years ago by Mancinelli-Scotti, its existence has been known to very few, consisting mainly of the family of the archaeologist and its most recent owner. The statue has been expertly examined by Dr. Hans Muhlstein, the noted Swiss Etruscologist, who considers it the most important Etruscan revelation since the discovery of the Apollo of Veii in 1916. [Reproduced by Courtesy of the City Art Museum of St. Louis, Missouri.]



FIG. 1. ON THE NORTHERN SLOPES OF MOUNT GESSI, LOOKING EAST. GIANT SENECIO (GROUNDSEL), WITH HELICHRYSUM (EVERLASTING) AND ALCHEMILLA (LADY'S MANTLE) IN THE FOREGROUND.

LAST year Professor W. Q. Kennedy, Professor of Geology, University of Leeds, led a British expedition to Ruwenzori, the mountain range in equatorial Africa between Lakes Edward and Albert. This range was discovered by Stanley, who identified them with the Mountains of the Moon, an ancient Greek geographer Ptolemy placed in the middle of Africa, some 1,000 miles from the sources of the Nile. Stanley gave them the local name "Ruwenzori," meaning "Clouds, King," or "Rain Maker," because throughout the year the peaks stand throughout in cloud and mist and emerge only rarely

[Continued below.]



FIG. 2. ONE OF THE SALT CRATER-LAKES OF THE EXTINCT VOLCANIC REGION AT THE SOUTHERN END OF RUWENZORI: LAKE NYAMUNUNKA, WHICH IS MORE THAN HALF-A-MILE IN DIAMETER, LOOKING NORTH-WEST TOWARDS THE INTERIOR OF THE MAIN CRATER FIELD.

Continued:
Museum (Natural History), writes: "Figs. 2, 4 and 6 illustrate the country at the foot of the range, Fig. 4 being a typical view and Figs. 2 and 6 showing the huge field of explosion craters lying at the south-east of the range. Behind the crater-shown in Fig. 6 is seen one of the earliest, flattened explosion craters and two salt crater-lakes, one of which is illustrated in Fig. 2. Above this type of country there is a belt of forest, cool and shade, with giant undergrowth and giant creepers in the crowns of the trees. This forest stretches from about 6,500 ft. to about 8,500 ft., and is suc-

[Continued below.]



FIG. 3. STANDING BESIDE A GIANT LOBELIA WOLLASTONII IN THE MUGUSU VALLEY: MR. O. VON KNORRING, ONE OF THE GEOLOGISTS WHO TOOK PART IN THE EXPEDITION.



FIG. 4. A TYPICAL VIEW AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN RANGE: EUPHORIA CANDELABRA IN THE SAVANNAH COUNTRY OF THE LAKE GEORGE FLATS ALONG THE EASTERN FOOT OF RUWENZORI.



FIG. 5. LOADED BAKONJO PORTERS TRAVERSING AN ALCHEMILLA (LADY'S MANTLE) MEADOW IN THE UPPER LAMIA VALLEY (12,000 FT.), WITH GIANT SENECIO AND HEATH FOREST IN THE BACKGROUND.



FIG. 6. IN THE EXTINCT VOLCANIC FIELD AT THE SOUTHERN END OF RUWENZORI: AN AERIAL VIEW OF A DEEP VOLCANIC EXPLOSION PIT (THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE IN DIAMETER) WITH A CRATER-LAKE, LAKE MBUGA (FOREGROUND).

Continued:
and for long spells. Some parties have climbed Ruwenzori and it has been largely explored, but the atmosphere of mystery and the sense of a "lost world" still remains. This is probably due in no small measure to the appearance of the fantastic plant plants which flourish at the higher altitudes. The series of interesting colour photographs on these pages were taken during the 1925 expedition, and have been selected to illustrate especially the remarkable vegetation of the mountain, which rises to 16,794 ft., within 30 miles of the Equator, the centre of Africa. The botanist of the expedition, Mr. R. R. Reddick, of the Department of Botany, British

[Continued above, right.]



FIG. 7. THE VIEW FROM THE UPPER LAMIA SOUTHWARDS TOWARDS THE BUKURUNGU COL (12,000 FT.), WITH THE PORTAL PEAKS (LEFT) AND MT. GESSI (RIGHT). HEATH FOREST IS SEEN BEHIND, AND IN THE FOREGROUND ARE A GIANT SENECIO (GROUNDSEL) AND TWO LOBELIAS.

Continued:
centres, a thick forest of giant bamboos, 50 ft. to 60 ft. tall, which occur up to about 10,000 ft. Above this occurs the forest of tree heaths shown in Figs. 10 and 11. Fig. 10 was taken near the lower limit of this forest in an area of damp ground where the dominant tree was *Erica arborea*. It shows well the way in which the trees are gnarled and contorted by great bunches of lichen. Fig. 11, taken near the top of the south face, here composed of *Philippia longifolia*, shows two plants, a tree senecio (groundsel) and a giant lobelia. This is in this photograph, and also those in Figs. 3

[Continued below, right.]



FIG. 8. CLOUD OVER THE CENTRAL MASSIVE OF RUWENZORI: A VIEW FROM THE BUKURUNGU (12,000 FT.) UP THE BUKURUNGU VALLEY TOWARDS MT. STANLEY (CENTRE) WITH THE ELENA GLACIER JUST VISIBLE. MT. SPEKE (RIGHT) IS IN CLOUD; MT. BAKER IS ON THE LEFT. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE LOBELIA, SENECIO AND HELICHRYSUM.

Continued:
and 8 is *Lobelia wollastonii*, whose silvery blue-grey bracts, between which the flowers nestle, make it the most attractive of the four species of the genus found on the mountain. The upper edge of the heath forest is at about 12,000 ft. to 12,500 ft. Above this, on the drier slopes,

groves of Tree Senecio alternate with meadows of a shrubby, waif-high Alchemilla (Lady's Mantle), through one of which a group of porters can be seen making their way in Fig. 5, or thickets of a woody 8-ft.-tall Helichrysum (Everlasting), with silvery flowers, shown in Figs. 1

and 8. On damper ground, where the *Lobelia wollastonii* is commoner, the ground is covered by cushions of moss, as in Fig. 3. Moss and lichen play a more and more prominent part in the vegetation until, at between 14,500 ft. and 15,000 ft., the snow-line is reached." The

colour photographs on these pages were all taken by Professor W. Q. Kennedy, F.R.S., with the exception of Figs. 1 and 3, which are the property of Mr. O. von Knorring, a Flemish member of the expedition, and Fig. 9, which was taken by Mr. G. P. L. Walker.

ON "THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON" WHERE PLANTS WITH FAMILIAR NAMES REACH FANTASTIC PROPORTIONS: THE COUNTRY AND GIANT VEGETATION

OF RUWENZORI SEEN IN COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS.



AN ARRANGEMENT RESEMBLING A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY DUTCH FLOWER PICTURE: A GREAT VARIETY OF FLOWERS AND SEED-HEADS, ACCOMPANIED BY FRUIT AND A BIRD'S NEST WITH EGGS; BY MRS. E. EADES VESSELL. (LONDON FLOWER DECORATION SOCIETY.)



A STUDY IN TONES OF RED: ROSES, CARNATIONS AND BERRIES, WITH LEAVES OF BEGONIA REX, BEAUTIFULLY COMBINED TO MAKE THIS PICTURE; BY MISS EDITH HAMBLY PARKER. (LONDON FLOWER DECORATION SOCIETY.)



A SYMMETRICAL ARRANGEMENT IN A BLACK PEDESTAL CONTAINER: THE BOUQUET INCLUDES LIATRIS, CARNATIONS, ECHINOPS AND DELPHINIUMS, WITH SUITABLE FOLIAGE; BY MRS. ELLIS MILDREN. (LONDON FLOWER DECORATION SOCIETY.)



PINK FLOWERS IN A FAN-SHAPE DESIGN: THREE LILIES FORM THE FOCAL POINT OF THE ARRANGEMENT, AND LARKSPURS AND SWEET PEAS ARE FEATURED; BY MISS B. FLEETWOOD. (DORSET FLORAL DECORATION SOCIETY.)

FLORAL DECORATION AS A CREATIVE ART: "PICTURES" IN LIVING BLOSSOMS.

Interest in arranging flowers has increased in a remarkable way since the war; and it is now accepted as a creative art. Our examples of "pictures in flowers" were exhibited at the first Flower Academy which was held at the Royal Horticultural Society's New Hall, Westminster. It was organised by the four leading floral decoration societies—that is, Dorset, Leicester, Colchester and London; and the 350 exhibits, all the work of amateurs, were arranged on tables covered with white paper, each exhibit placed in a semi-circular alcove which provided an attractive effect and allowed each bouquet to be studied. The arrangements we illustrate are typical of the skill and

ingenuity which went to the making of the varied decorations. The exhibitors used every kind of material—driftwood, pine cones, grasses and fruits, as well as flowers. The interest roused by the Flower Academy was shown by the fact that over fifty new flower decoration societies have come into existence since it was held, and others are being formed. No Flower Academy was held this year, but the London Society has grown to such an extent that it was able to organise a Coronation Exhibition, staged entirely by its own members at the R.H.S. Hall, by means of which £200 was raised for the Gardeners' Benevolent Home.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ON the north wall of my house two plants are flowering superbly just now—just now being the first week in September. They are Cape Figwort, *Phygelius capensis*, and the Scotch Flame Flower, *Tropaeolum speciosum*. Neither of these is seen as often as it might be and should be. The Cape Figwort is neglected largely because relatively few people even know of the plant's existence, and fewer still realise that it is one of the very best of plants for training up a north wall. My specimen was planted four or five years ago, and it has now reached a height of 10 or 12 ft. Each year I tie in a few of the strongest topmost branches to supporting wires, and each spring I prune back the out-growing branches pretty hard. The plant responds by sprouting vigorously all over, and producing by midsummer dozens of 2-ft. panicles of tube-shaped blossoms, which are rather like vermillion, golden-throated pentstemon flowers, except that the tubes, instead of being straight, as in pentstemon, are curved. The display goes on from about midsummer till early autumn, and as the flowers drop their petals and begin to form seed-pods, I remove the sprays bodily, cutting them back to within an inch or two of the main stem. The plant sends up a good many suckers, but this I do not mind. So many folk admire *Phygelius* that it is pleasant to be able to take a trowel, chop off a sucker, complete with a scrap of root, and hand over a presentation "Irishman's cutting" which can hardly fail to flourish. If the supply of suckers runs out, cuttings are always plentiful, and strike like a weed. ("Like a weed," let me add, is pure hearsay on my part: I have never put weeds to the test.) *Phygelius capensis* may be grown perfectly well up a south wall, but I recommend it rather for the north, as there are so few plants which will give a long and brilliant display of blossom in that aspect during mid- and late summer.

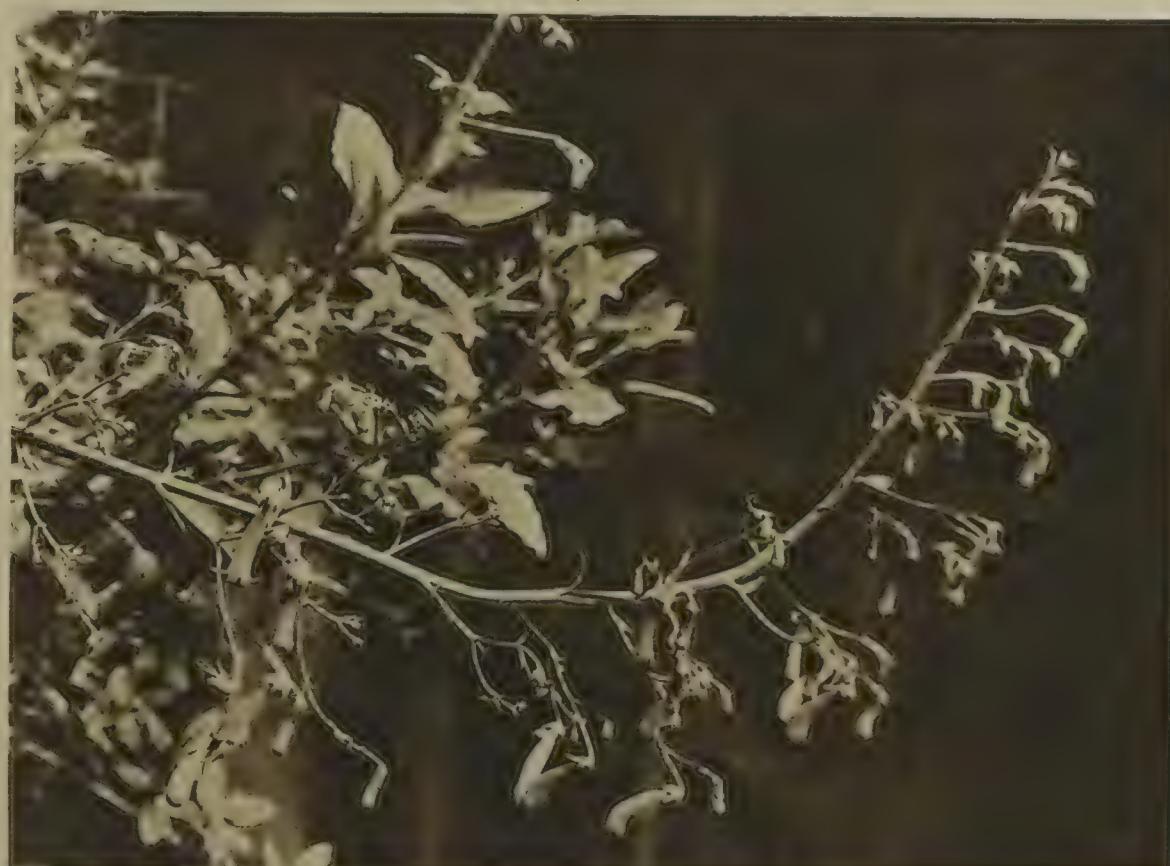
The *Tropaeolum speciosum* was started at about the same time as the *Phygelius*, from a handful of roots which a neighbour gave me. These roots are white, fleshy and pencil-thick, rather like the roots of the great white bellbind, except that they run around, more or less horizontally, a short distance below ground-level, instead of plunging deep and far into the earth's vitals. It is unfortunate that this brilliant and exquisite climber so often proves difficult to establish, especially in English gardens. In Scotland it seems to be easier to manage. Yet it is not what might be described as a one-soil plant. Often it takes charge in the peaty or acid soils that suit rhododendrons—so much so as to become almost a nuisance, smothering and strangling choice shrubs in its exquisite scarlet-and-emerald embrace. In my own garden it is ramping in the exact opposite of a rhododendron soil—cold, stiff, almost clay-loam, which is full of formidable lumps of the local oolitic limestone rock. It has draped itself over an ancient and decrepit rose to a height of 8 or 10 ft., in loops, swags and festoons of bright green leaves which resemble five- or six-leaved clover leaves. The flowers, like small, long-spurred nasturtiums, are dazzling scarlet of a particularly rich and satisfying tone. They are followed by fat, pea-like seeds which are almost as beautiful as the flowers themselves. All this luxuriant growth dies clean away in autumn, to be replaced by a fresh crop next spring.

IN FLOWER NOW.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.



"LOOPS, SWAGS AND FESTOONS OF BRIGHT GREEN LEAVES WHICH RESEMBLE FIVE- OR SIX-LEAVED CLOVER LEAVES. THE FLOWERS, LIKE SMALL, LONG-SPURRED NASTURTIUMS, ARE DAZZLING SCARLET OF A PARTICULARLY RICH AND SATISFYING TONE." A CLOSE-UP OF *TROPAEOLUM SPECIOSUM*, THE SCOTCH FLAME FLOWER.



THE CAPE FIGWORT: "PRODUCING . . . DOZENS OF 2-FT. PANICLES OF TUBE-SHAPED BLOSSOMS, WHICH ARE RATHER LIKE VERMILION, GOLDEN-THROATED PENTSTEMON FLOWERS, EXCEPT THAT THE TUBES, INSTEAD OF BEING STRAIGHT, AS IN PENTSTEMON, ARE CURVED." [Photographs by D. F. Merrett.]

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The flame flower should be given some living host on which to climb: an evergreen hedge, especially yew, is ideal. If on a house wall, it looks far more beautiful if allowed to fling itself light-heartedly over some shrubby climber, a rose, or perhaps a forsythia, than if set to swarm up a row of perpendicular strings. *Tropaeolum speciosum*'s own particular method of climbing is interesting and, I think, rather unusual. It does not twine like a hop, a convolvulus or a runner bean; nor does it cling by means of tendrils like a sweet pea or a vine. Instead, it links arms, as it were, with its host at convenient intervals. In other words, the leaf-stalks hitch themselves round—once round—any stem or twig that comes handy. The leaves don't all do this, but just occasional ones wherever the plant decides that a little support is necessary.

The hardy fuchsias are particularly good this year, and they are at their very best just now. *F. magellanica*, I am glad to say, becomes a shrub with a permanent woody stem in this part of the country. My best stands 5 ft. tall, and is brilliant with its rich red and violet blossoms. In Hertfordshire it behaved as a herbaceous plant, being cut to the ground each winter, and sprouting vigorously again each spring. I wish that best of all hardy fuchsias, "Mrs. Popple," with its big, handsome, red and violet flowers, would follow *magellanica*'s example and become truly shrubby. Among a small collection of hardy fuchsias that I bought three or four years ago is one, "Mrs. W. P. Wood," which I think outstandingly distinct and charming. It was raised as a hybrid from *F. magellanica alba*, and in one respect—its individual flowers—it is a great improvement on that variety, though it does not appear to be such a hearty, vigorous grower as its parent. The flowers are rather larger than—or perhaps I should say, not quite so small as—those of *magellanica alba*, and they are pure, clear rose-pink and white. The skirt pink and the petticoat white.

It is disappointing, living and gardening on a limey soil, not being able to grow the majority of the beautiful Far-Eastern, late-flowering gentians, such as *G. sino-ornata*, *veitchii*, *stevenagensis* and *macaulayi*. One member of this group, however, grows and flowers supremely well in our soil—the exquisite sky-blue *Gentiana farreri*. At Stevenage it was always sulky and reluctant, seldom making headway—except towards an early grave. Here it accepts, practically any soil we like to offer it—stiff loam full of broken limestone, rich kitchen-garden loam or austere limestone scree. One specimen, which I planted three years ago as a small seedling in my biggest stone trough garden—actually it is a Saxon stone coffin—has somewhere between two and three dozen buds and open flowers. The soil is a normal rock-garden mixture, loam, silver sand, a little peat and a lot of limestone chips. The gentian's roots are in direct contact with a

half-buried tufa rock. I could, of course, master the other members of the clan—*sino-ornata*, and the rest—by constructing a raised bed, well above general ground-level, and filling it with peaty, heathy, lime-free soil. But no. My soil suits the two best—by far the best two Western gentians, *acaulis* and *verna*, and grows perhaps the most beautiful of all the Orientals—*farreri*—so why go to trouble and expense in courting a little coterie of species that don't want to know me? After all, to enjoy gardening it is important to remain relatively sane and reasonably solvent.



A PROJECT WHICH MAY MAKE "SHEDDING THE LOAD" A NIGHTMARE OF THE PAST: THE PROPOSED
Two half-mile lengths of high-power electric cable have recently been laid under the sea by the G.P.O.'s cable-ship *Alert* for the first experimental tests that foreshadow the coming in a few years' time of the British electricity grid to that of *Electricité de France*. The link will help to give a greater degree of control during periods of shortage of power or heavy loads. Last week it was announced that the British Electricity Authority had adopted the recommendation of a joint committee set up by themselves and *Electricité de France* to undertake a programme and had authorised an expenditure up to £125,000 for

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH

the purpose. It is expected that the cross-Channel link will be completed in between three to four years at an estimated cost of some £4,500,000. France produces the major portion of her electrical power at hydro-electric generating stations in the central Alps, the Pyrenees and in the central Massif, whereas in Britain practically the whole of the electrical power comes from generating stations run on solid fuel and only approximately 1 per cent comes from hydro-electric stations. The proposed three-phase connection under the Channel will be of 132,000 volts and cables will have to be made capable of carrying current

1 IN RESERVE) WILL BE LAID UNDER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.
DISTANCE IS 33 MILES.



of far greater power than has ever before been carried under the sea. Four cables are to be laid eventually some three-quarters of a mile apart on the sea-bed, probably running along a path near Folkestone. The power will be needed, however, where a new connection will take the current on to Lille to join the French grid system. Three of the cables will be in constant use to produce the three-phase connection and the fourth will be in reserve. In future, in times of drought France will be able to draw electrical power from Britain and Britain will be able to meet heavy demands by drawing power from France. Another great advantage is that each will be able to assist the other during peak periods in cold weather, for it so happens that the habits of the populations of both countries differ slightly, as shown by the diagrams on these pages. The chief technical problem to be overcome, in addition to that of laying so many cables under the water, is that of synchronising the frequencies of the two countries in order to connect the systems together initially and to hold the synchronisation once it has been attained. The total length of each cable to be used is expected to weigh about 735 tons and the manufacturers expect to produce them in 26-mile lengths.

AT THE R.P.S. CENTENARY EXHIBITION: PICTORIAL ART OF THE CAMERA.



"HARVEST SUMMER"; BY FRANCIS WU, F.R.P.S. (OF HONG KONG).



"SYMBOLS OF MAJESTY"; BY G. T. DEEMING, A.R.P.S. (OF POTTERS BAR, MIDDLESEX).



"LADIES OF THE CIRCUS"; BY C. A. YARRINGTON (OF NEW YORK).

The examples of the art of the photographer reproduced on this page and that opposite are drawn from the 270 exhibits in the current Royal Photographic Society's Centenary Pictorial Exhibition. In this, their centenary year, the R.P.S. have adopted a policy of arranging a series of special exhibitions instead of their normal single exhibition of all types of photography; and this current exhibition, at 16, Princes Gate, Kensington, is confined to pictorial photographs in monochrome, comprising prints, transparencies and stereoscopic material. It opened to the public on September 10 and remains open in Kensington until October 17



"MEMOIRS"; BY MRS. I. M. HILL (OF SUTTON COLDFIELD, WARWICKSHIRE).

(on Mondays to Fridays from 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. and on Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.). From November 7 to 29 arrangements have been made with the Eastern Counties Photographic Federation to transfer the whole exhibition to the Castle Museum Art Galleries at Norwich (where the opening hours are from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Mondays to Saturdays and from 2.30 to 5 p.m. on Sundays). Previous centenary exhibitions by the Society have included Press photography, medical photography, new outlook in photography, colour photography and examples from the permanent collection of the Society.

THE R.P.S.
CENTENARY
EXHIBITION OF
PICTORIAL
PHOTOGRAPHY:
PORTRAITS,
GENRE PICTURES
AND
LANDSCAPES.

AT the current centenary exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society at 16, Princes Gate, S.W.7, there are 197 pictorial prints—from which the six on these two pages have been selected as representative. For these 197 places, no fewer than 1480 prints were submitted from most countries in the world. The number of entries from America is lower than usual, but much good work has been sent from Hong Kong, India and Malaya, where there is evidence of much enthusiasm; and exhibitors hail from Great Britain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Eire, Hungary, Italy, Spain and Sweden; from Brazil, Canada and U.S.A.; from Australia and New Zealand; from Kenya and South Africa; and from Hong Kong, India, French India, Malaya and Pakistan.

(RIGHT.) "L'ESPRIT DE BALLET";
BY J. H. JOSEPH, A.R.P.S. (OF
SUNDERLAND, CO. DURHAM).



"PAINTING"; BY YU-CHIU CHEUNG (OF HONG KONG).

THE SPIRIT OF FLIGHT, AND BIRDS IN REPOSE: AT THE LONDON SALON.



"THE BARRIER" ; BY H. B. METCALF (OF WALLASEY, CHESHIRE).



"NUBIAN VULTURE" ; BY T. MIDDLETON, F.R.P.S. (OF GLOSSOP, DERBYSHIRE).



"PELICAN PORTAIT" ; BY T. MIDDLETON, F.R.P.S. (OF GLOSSOP, DERBYSHIRE).

The six photographs reproduced on this page and that facing it are selected from among the 398 exhibits of the current exhibition of the London Salon of Photography at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, in Conduit Street, W.1. This show—the 44th International Exhibition—runs from September 12 to October 10, being open daily (except

Sundays) from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. The aim of the London Salon is to exhibit only that class of work in Pictorial Photography in which there is distinct evidence of personal artistic feeling and execution; and all amateurs of photography will welcome the opportunity to compare the exhibits at the London Salon with those at the concurrent R.P.S. Centenary Exhibition.

NATURE AND ARTIFICE—FROM THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.



"DESIGN IN BEECH" ; BY G. L. HAWKINS, F.R.P.S. (OF MINEHEAD, SOMERSET).



"ANGELUS" ; BY FOSTER BRIGHAM (OF BRIDLINGTON, YORKS).

THERE are 398 prints hung in the current exhibition of the London Salon of Photography at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours in Conduit Street, W.1, and for this honour there were over 3000 entries, from many parts of the world. Among those hung are exhibits from Great Britain, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland; from Brazil, Canada and U.S.A.; from Australia and New Zealand; from Egypt, South Africa and South-West Africa; and from Hong Kong, India, Japan and Malaya. And it is notable that in this total of 398, no fewer than 49 prints come from the tiny colony of Hong Kong. These Chinese photographic prints, moreover, have attracted much attention for their quality; and in particular the freshness of their seascapes has seemed particularly notable. The "Design in Beech," by Mr. G. L. Hawkins, F.R.P.S., is notable as being a black-and-white print from 35 mm. Kodachrome colour film.



"THE PAGE" ; BY V. M. HILL (OF SUTTON COLDFIELD, WARWICKSHIRE).

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

SENSE OF DIRECTION IN MOLES AND MOLE-RATS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE mole-catcher explained that there had been a time when this particular part of the farm had been trapped out. Then, one day, he was passing through this field when he saw a group of freshly-turned tumps. He pointed to the spot where the now-weathered heaps of earth bore testimony to what he was saying. Then he went on to describe how, as he approached, he saw the earth of one of the newly-formed tumps heaving, and with a quick jab of his spud and a turn of the wrist he had ejected the mole out on to the grass. That was not the end of the story. The mole burrowed into the ground where it landed sufficiently quickly that the catcher, either taken by surprise or for some other reason on which he did not seem particularly clear, was too late to eject it from its new retreat. He knew where the main run was, however, and went over to it and set a trap in it. Coming back an hour later, a mole, presumably the one he had ejected, was dead in the trap.

Taking all the evidence I could glean, it seemed moderately certain that there was only the one mole in the vicinity at that time, and that after its first escape it burrowed afresh into the ground and made straight for the main run. In other words, travelling through new ground, it could unerringly find its way back to the main highway. It recalled for me the time, several years ago, when I spent many hours opening up long series of mole tunnels. During that period also, I was able to watch what was in effect a large-scale dissection of a mole's tunnel-system. Near by where I was carrying out my own excavations a field, once arable land, was being dug out as a sand-pit. Watching each day the vertical face of the workings, it was possible to gain some idea of the total plan of the moles' tunnelling. The one thing that struck me in all these was the accuracy with which all the tunnels were connected.

About this time I heard of a man who ringed a mole, which was caught some twenty-four hours later, a mile from the spot where it was released. This, with other more fragmentary evidence, suggests that these underground workers may roam habitually over a much wider area than we have perhaps previously supposed, and of being able, accurately, to find their way from one spot to another. There ought to be nothing surprising in these indications that the mole is as much at home underground as we are above ground. Indeed, the only reason why it should call for comment lies in our difficulty in visualising the precise means it employs to find its way about, and especially, when making a fresh tunnel, in finding its way to a pre-existing one.

Some light was shed on this problem a short while ago by Eloff, working on the burrowing mammals of South Africa. His work was mainly carried out on the mole-rat (*Cryptomys*) in the Orange Free State. This animal burrows but a few inches below the surface, where its tunnels must be subject to frequent damage from the hoofs of large ungulates, from heavy rains, from dogs and human beings. Eloff found that if he deliberately damaged a length of run, the mole-rat would block up the entrance to the damaged portion. Then, in the undamaged part of the run, this side of its "road-block," the animal would drive a short lateral tunnel, then turn, drive the tunnel parallel with the old one and turn in to meet it at a point just beyond the further end of the damaged portion. Then it would seal off this other end of the damaged length. If left alone, it would in due course repair the damaged portion and open it up again to through traffic. If, on the other hand, the new by-pass were also damaged, it would drive a new tunnel through, again parallel to the

old run. And if need arose it would repeat this a dozen times, always driving the new tunnel parallel with the old and always connecting up accurately with it when past the area of damage. This same investigator found that if the tunnel

leading to the nest were damaged or blocked, a new one would be driven in from another direction. And this would be repeated as long as the old tunnels were rendered unusable. In other words, the mole-rat had a perfect knowledge of where its nest lay from whichever direction it approached. Eloff comments: "However, where such damage occurs (i.e., whether from natural causes or from his deliberate action) proper connection between even wide-separated, undisturbed tunnel sections is effected in a remarkably short time and correct manner, while at the same time the mole displays highly-developed powers of orientation."

Before considering what these powers of orientation may be, it is worth noting that Eloff made parallel observations on other species of *Cryptomys*, on another mole-rat, *Bathyergus maritimus*, and on the Cape golden mole. *Bathyergus* lives among sand-dunes and is known as the sand-mole. Large specimens may be as much as 10 ins. long; but whereas it and the species of *Cryptomys* are rodents, the Cape golden mole belongs, like our native *Talpa*, to the Insectivora. Thus we have the interesting fact that members of two distinct orders of animals have taken to the same mode of life, have undergone similar bodily changes so that they have come to bear a close resemblance to

each other, and have also developed the same senses or uses of the senses in relation to this same manner of living. All agree in the absence of a visual sense, for even if eyes are present they are very minute and probably almost functionless. In all the external ear is reduced to minute proportions. The tail is small, almost to the point of disappearance in the mole-rats, and there is the same set of powerful muscles for actuating the front and hind limbs. There are other anatomical details which bring out this same similarity in structure.

There are, on the other hand, some notable and interesting differences. Whereas *Cryptomys*, like the golden mole of South Africa and the common mole of Europe and Asia, tunnels mainly with its strong fore-feet, the related *Bathyergus* uses its incisors. The two halves of its lower jaw are not joined in front, as is usual in mammals, with the result that the lower incisors can move independently of each other, resulting in an action that must increase considerably the animal's gnawing powers.

The sense of orientation seems to be made up largely of two things: a high susceptibility to vibrations and sounds, and to small movements of air currents. From this it may be tolerably easy to visualise how these animals, living almost entirely underground, find their way about, although it may be necessary to speculate a little in the process. The ground is not a homogeneous mass. It is composed of strata of different textures and densities, with streams and rivers traversing it, even underground and not visible at the surface. And throughout it is tunnelled by all manner of burrows and runs, through which there must be air currents. Layers of different densities will be variously affected by different vibrations, imparted

by flowing streams and ground waters: one stratum will smell differently to another, damp earth will smell differently to dry earth, and so on. It is surely not too much to suppose that a mole or a mole-rat will carry a memory of its earthy world, in the form of a pattern of smells, sounds, and vibrations, just as certainly as we carry a memory of streets and houses, or of roads, fields, trees and the rest as a visual pattern to guide us in finding our way about. A mole's sense of orientation will, then, be the counterpart, if not the equivalent, of our sense of direction and locality, merely compounded of the workings of other senses than we normally employ.



HAVING FUR THAT HAS A GOLDEN, SOMETIMES GREENISH, SHEEN AND IS NEVER BLACK, AS WITH THE EUROPEAN MOLE: THE GOLDEN MOLE, OF SOUTH AND EAST-CENTRAL AFRICA, WHICH TAKES THE PLACE IN THAT CONTINENT OF THE TRUE MOLES OF EUROPE AND ASIA. IT IS PRACTICALLY TAILLESS AND HAS A HORNY SHIELD ON THE MUZZLE.



SHOWING THE HORNY SHIELD ON THE MUZZLE AND THE POWERFUL CLAWS ON THE FRONT FEET FOR DIGGING IN THE EARTH: THE HEAD OF A GOLDEN MOLE—THE EYES ARE SMALL AND HIDDEN UNDER THE SKIN.



HAVING THE SAME FORM OF BODY, REDUCTION IN THE TAIL AND IN THE EXTERNAL EAR, AND IN THE EYE, AS THE TRUE MOLES, WHICH ARE INSECTIVORES: THE MOLE-RAT OF SOUTH AFRICA, WHICH IS A RODENT.

Photograph by Peter J. Green.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE TO-DAY.



PROFESSOR A. W. ASHBY.

Died on September 10, aged sixty-seven. Director of the Oxford Institute for Research in Agricultural Economics from 1946 until December 1952, Professor Ashby, born in 1886, went to Ruskin College, Oxford, and became one of the most prominent pioneers of agricultural economics in this country and was a prolific writer on such subjects.



GEN. SIR C. G. G. NICHOLSON.
Appointed on September 8 to be Adjutant-General to the Forces. General Sir Cameron Nicholson, who is fifty-five, has been Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Land Forces, since last April and had previously been G.O.C.-in-C., West Africa, and in 1951 G.O.C.-in-C., Western Command.



GEN. SIR C. F. KEIGHTLEY.
Appointed on September 8 to be Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Land Forces in succession to General Sir C. G. G. Nicholson. Previously Commander-in-Chief, Far East Land Forces, General Sir Charles Keightley was born in 1901 and educated at Marlborough and the R.M.C., Sandhurst.



SIR GODFREY HUGGINS.
Sworn-in on September 7 as Prime Minister of the interim Government of the new Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Born in 1883 and educated at Malvern and St. Thomas's Hospital, Sir Godfrey Huggins entered politics in 1923 and has been Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia since 1933.



LORD WESTWOOD.

Died on September 13 at the age of seventy-three. Born in 1880 at Dundee, William Westwood entered the shipbuilding industry at an early age and soon became a force in the trade union movement. During the war he was Chief Industrial Adviser with the Admiralty, and was created Baron in 1944.



CHIEF JUSTICE VINSON.

Died on September 8, aged sixty-three. Mr. Fred Vinson, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was a Southern Democrat, born in Kentucky. He filled many important posts under President Roosevelt, becoming Secretary of the Treasury in 1945 under President Truman and Chief Justice in 1946. (Portrait by Karsh.)



D. G. PIRIE LEADING IN THE TWO MILES RACE AT WHITE CITY, IN WHICH HE SET UP A NEW RECORD, ON SEPTEMBER 9.

In the City Charity Athletic Meeting at White City on September 9 in the two miles event, D. G. Pirie, with the time of 8 mins. 47-8 secs., set up new British all-comers, British national and English native records, thus making himself the holder of every British record between one-and-a-half and six miles.



MR. MARTIN DURKIN.

On September 10 resigned his post of Secretary of Labour in President Eisenhower's Administration. The representative of trade union labour in the Republican Cabinet, Mr. Durkin produced a series of amendments to the Taft-Hartley Labour Act, and has resigned as, he claims, these amendments have been shelved.



W. A. KNIGHT.

On Sept. 13 W. A. Knight, of Northants, the holder, retained the Boys' Junior Lawn Tennis Championship, defeating R. K. Wilson, of Middlesex, who won it two years ago, by 6-1, 6-3. Last year's final was a close struggle, but this year Knight's victory was clear-cut.



THE WALKER CUP FOR GOLF: (LEFT) MR. C. R. YATES, CAPTAIN OF THE VICTORIOUS U.S. TEAM; (CENTRE) MR. T. P. HEFFLEINGER, PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. GOLF ASSOCIATION, AND (RIGHT) LIEUT.-COLONEL A. A. DUNCAN, THE BRITISH CAPTAIN. The U.S. team won the Walker Cup on the Kittansett Golf Course, Mass., on September 4 and 5, winning the foursomes three matches to one, and the singles by six matches to two.

GENERAL JOHN E. HULL.

Appointed on September 11 to be Supreme Commander of the United States and United Nations Forces in the Far East, in succession to General Mark Clark. General Hull has been Vice-Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army for the past two years, and in 1947-48 commanded the Task Force of the Eniwetok atom bomb tests.



MR. NIKITA S. KRUSHCHEV.

Appointed First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party and given wide powers to re-organise Russian agriculture, Mr. Krushchev, who is Mr. Malenkov's brother-in-law, was born in the Ukraine in 1894. He has risen rapidly, it appears, to third place with Mr. Malenkov and Mr. Molotov, after the fall of Mr. Beria.



MISS V. A. Pitt.

On September 13 Miss V. A. Pitt, of Warwickshire, won the Girls' Junior Lawn Tennis Championship for the second time running, defeating Miss D. Midgley, of Devon, by 2-6, 7-5, 6-3. Miss Pitt and W. A. Knight, the Boys' champion, together won the Mixed Doubles Championship.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

A PEACH, BUT NOT MELBA.

By PETER FORSTER.

THE new film, "Melba," is not, to be sure, the first time that the great Australian singer's career has formed the basis of a dramatic fiction. There was in particular Beverley Nichols's play, "Evensong," which provided Dame Edith Evans with one of her most popular mid-stream successes in 1932. And Mr. Nichols, who was at one time Melba's secretary, has also written a most touching account of how she was staying in Venice after her retirement, when her voice had supposedly "gone," how the beauty of an early spring morning inspired her to sing, and how for a few magical moments "the mists lifted from the city, leaving it bright and sparkling," and "the mists lifted from the voice, leaving it brilliant and golden." It is a fine descriptive passage by a writer who has always been a superb reporter when other themes have not led him up, rather than down, the garden path.

One mentions Mr. Nichols in order to show that Melba's life lends itself to dramatic representation, for it is in drama that the film is oddly lacking. We could have been told about her youth on an Australian farm, about her marriages, her tiffs, triumphs and temperaments during the great days of grand opera. We could have been shown how (as she told in her autobiography) Oscar Hammerstein pursued her for a week to persuade her to sing in New York, throwing money at her as a bait, and even battering at the door when the lady was in her bath!

Instead we are given a poor little story, with Melba singing to Queen Victoria at Windsor, and then seeing her life to date in flashback, a life involving merely a conventional choice between a husband in Australia and fame in Europe. Some of this is true: Melba did actually sing to the Queen at this time, though in company with Tosti and Jean and Edouard de Reszke. More of it is not true.

Miss Patrice Munsel, who plays the title rôle, might be described as a Technicoloratura soprano. She acts pleasantly and modestly. She is of unusual prettiness among singers. She is easy to watch. She is, if you like, a peach: but she is not Melba. From which we arrive at the conclusion that this is quite a good little musical film whose major fault is that it ever arrogated to itself the name of the great prima donna. There are tolerable and even pleasing excerpts from ballet and opera, though some of these are prettified in the Hollywood manner, especially in the case of

save from banality the rôles of Oscar Hammerstein and César Carlton—or, as is probably meant, César Ritz. There was a moment when I could swear I saw Mr. Clunes pouring what should have been champagne from a bottle whose label proclaimed a make of champagne cider; that rather sums up "Melba."



"THE WIFE IS ACTED BY MICHELE MORGAN, WITH THAT MARVELLOUS MONA LISA-LIKE BEAUTY OF HERS WHICH SEEMS TO ENCOMPASS THE WHOLE ENIGMA OF HER SEX": A SCENE FROM "LA MINUTE DE VÉRITÉ" (INTERNATIONAL FILM DISTRIBUTORS RELEASE), IN WHICH MADELEINE (MICHELE MORGAN), ANXIOUS BECAUSE HER HUSBAND (JEAN GABIN) HAS NOT RETURNED HOME ALL NIGHT, FINDS HIM WITH A CHILD SICK WITH MENINGITIS.

Two other new films also seek to re-create the past, and one of them succeeds triumphantly. This is the French "Fanfan la Tulipe," about a legendary young French soldier who joins the army of Louis XV., is nearly hanged for his exploits, but in the end wins a battle single-handed and marries the daughter of the regiment.

Now it must be admitted that the brilliant director, Christian-Jaque, cheats in the matter of history. For he guys it, wittily, outrageously, unmercifully. Is Fanfan to be hanged? Very well then, the branch of the tree must break. Shall he duel with two men at once? No, with twenty-two, and beat them all! And I still cannot think without a smile of the mock-battle at the end, in which, because of Fanfan's disregard for the accepted rules of eighteenth-century warfare, a whole army is panicked into surrender without a fight.

The keynote throughout, it will be gathered, is *lèse-majesté*, and Christian-Jaque achieves it with an unfailing lightness and rightness of touch.

But at the same time there cannot, as it were, be *lèse* without *majesté*. That is why it would be a mistake to regard this as simply a French satire on the Fairbanks type of film; satire is certainly here, but of the most delicate sort since it is achieved by remaining in character and period. For example, Marcel Herrand, the distinguished actor-manager who died tragically young the other month, acts a Louis Quinze quite exquisitely at home amongst his own stylish furniture. Gérard Philippe, hitherto the Cassius

of the French cinema, is released for once from his lean and hungry parts, and plays Fanfan with immense dash, whilst Gina Lollobrigida lends her startling charms to the sergeant's daughter. And one way and another, this seems to me the best French film of its sort since "La Kermesse Héroïque."

The measure of this film's success is made clearer by comparison with the new Anglo-American historical epic, "The Sword and the Rose," which treats in deadly earnest all that "Fanfan" laughs at. The

dialogue is extraordinarily inept, yet many people still go to the cinema only to see pretty, colour-pictures, and here they will be shown what was worn at Henry VIII.'s Court for dancing, duelling, badminton and other activities. Indeed, the presence of that talented young actress, Jane Barratt, leads me to fear that she may ever after be known as the Barratt of Wimble Street!

The story has to do with the love of Henry's sister, Mary, for a commoner, Charles Brandon; I think I have dwelt enough on historical inaccuracies for one article, and so will leave it at that. Glynis Johns brings her familiar little sandpaper voice to Princess Mary. Richard Todd squares up manfully to Master Brandon. And James Robertson Justice gives a fair imitation of Charles Laughton imitating Henry VIII. without being any more like that much-maligned monarch.

But casting deficiencies are as nothing beside the fact that the film lacks style. It is pretty and colourful, often amusing, occasionally exciting. But as in "Melba," style is the missing ingredient, and style is needed if the past is to be made both convincing and entertaining for the present.

A second attention-worthy French film (the autumn season is shaping well in the cinema) is also concerned with "the dear, dead days beyond recall," save that in this case the days are part of very recent history. When, in "La Minute de Vérité," a middle-aged Parisian doctor (played by Jean Gabin) discovers the infidelity of his actress-wife, she attempts to explain her behaviour in terms of the war, air raids, and other considerations designed to show the eternal triangle in an up-to-date light, even to an existentialist lover thrown

in. Jean Delannoy, the director, imparts a good deal of style to this exposition, but his interest and ours is clearly more with the personalities involved. The chance might have been taken to explore the intriguing question of a woman's honest duplicity in caring for both husband and lover, the more so as the wife is acted by Michèle Morgan, with that marvellous Mona Lisa-like beauty of hers which seems to encompass the whole enigma of her sex. (In fact,



"IT IS PRETTY AND COLOURFUL, OFTEN AMUSING, OCCASIONALLY EXCITING": A SCENE FROM "THE SWORD AND THE ROSE" (WALT DISNEY BRITISH FILMS, LTD.), SHOWING CHARLES BRANDON (RICHARD TODD) FIGHTING WITH THE TREACHEROUS DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (MICHAEL GOUGH) IN THE SEA OFF THE COAST OF FRANCE.

Mlle. Morgan, being a highly professional actress, is probably wondering what is for supper when looking most soulful: but that by the way.) The chance is neglected, and after a finely dramatic beginning, the film comes down to the level of a mediocre *roman à clef*. Still, the principals hold our interest; after all, there is something to be said for a keyhole through which one can see Mlle. Morgan.



"IT WOULD BE A MISTAKE TO REGARD THIS AS SIMPLY A FRENCH SATIRE ON THE FAIRBANKS TYPE OF FILM": A SCENE FROM "FANFAN LA TULIPE" (ARIANE-FILMS-ON-A-MATTO PRODUCTION), SHOWING THE LEGENDARY FRENCH SOLDIER AT GRIPS WITH TWO ADVERSARIES AT THE SAME TIME.

one opera, whose title I took to be "Lucia di Dorothy Lamour." But those who are not unmusical (and for every hundred ready to admit they do not read books, only one will admit to being unmusical!) may well enjoy the film. It offers in addition a commanding performance by Martita Hunt as Marchesi, the pupil of Garcia and Melba's teacher, in which the actress contrives to look remarkably like a photograph of that formidable lady. And two confirmed favourites of the London stage, Robert Morley and Alec Clunes,

MATTERS MARITIME: THE KRONPRINS FREDERIK RETURNS HOME, YACHTING, A NEW LIFEBOAT, AND A WRECK.



(LEFT.) LEAVING HARWICH HARBOUR TOWED BY TWO TUGS AND BOUND FOR ELSINORE, DENMARK, WHERE SHE WILL BE RE-FITTED: THE *Kronprins Frederik*, 3895 TONS, WHICH CAUGHT FIRE AND CAPSIZED IN PARKESTON QUAY IN APRIL AND HAS BEEN REFLOATED.



(RIGHT.) ON THE BRIDGE OF THE *Kronprins Frederik* BEFORE HER DEPARTURE FOR DENMARK ON SEPTEMBER 13: CAPTAIN LAURIDSEN, IN COMMAND OF THE VESSEL, AND MR. T. MAUGHAN, WHO WAS IN CHARGE OF THE SALVAGE OPERATIONS NOW SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED.



RACING AT BURNHAM UNDER THE FLAG OF THE ROYAL CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB ON SEPTEMBER 13: BOATS OF THE NATIONAL 14-FT. MERLIN/ROCKET CLASS RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND.



THE MYSTERY OF THE 10-TON YACHT *ENIS*: A VIEW OF THE WRECKED VESSEL ON BUXEY SANDS, SIX MILES OFF CLACTON-ON-SEA. NO SURVIVORS HAD BEEN FOUND AT THE TIME OF WRITING.



THE LAUNCHING OF A NEW MOTOR-LIFEBOAT AT FLAMBOROUGH, YORKS: A VIEW OF THE VESSEL, FRIENDLY FORESTER, WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO THE R.N.L.I. BY THE ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS AND NAMED BY THE COUNTESS OF HALIFAX AT A CEREMONY ON SEPTEMBER 8.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

WHATEVER may be wrong (if anything) with modern fiction, it is not usually only impressions and dogmatic whims, and therefore every theory is possible. And if I had to base one on "Materassi Sisters," by Aldo Palazzeschi (Secker and Warburg; 15s.), something like that would be my choice. In fact, there would be no getting away from it. This novel, to begin with, is all sex—pure, concentrated, unrelieved; sex is not just the theme, but, as it were, the breathing tissue. To that extent we are forewarned; for when a writer preludes with an invocation to Boccaccio, of course we realise what is to come. It is the manner of it that surprises, and—if one were inclined to theory—would form the jumping-off place for a disquisition. For though the tale is orgiastic in effect, it has no love-affairs, no improprieties of any kind. Chastity reigns supreme; and it is just her absolute, unchallenged sway which allows sexual feeling to run riot. The heroines are so repressed that they have come out on the other side, and can indulge, and, what is more, enjoy their sexuality without remorse or stint.

They are two maiden sisters, fifty at the beginning of the tale, living in a small Florentine hamlet, and raised to fortune and esteem by their own toil. Their father wasted his inheritance and died in debt, and the two eldest girls, formed by this shadow on their youth, have had no object but to win it back again. They were both talented needlewomen; and now their *lingerie* is famous, and their ecclesiastical embroidery beyond compare. Indeed, it has been guerdoned with a trip to Rome, where they received the Holy Father's blessing. This was the white hour of their lives. Meanwhile they have discharged all debts, and could now live at ease upon the income of their village property. Instead of which, they toil on unremittingly from dawn to dark—because it is the life they know. Real life has shrunk into a game for Sunday afternoons, when they dress up and play at womanhood, like two naïve, arrested little girls.

Into this stronghold of virginity comes an adopted son, the orphan of another sister. Remo is fourteen at the time: very good-looking, perfectly calm, self-interested and self-possessed—and, to his fascinated aunts, maleness personified. Of course, his function is to ruin them. This he proceeds to do, without a moment's qualm and almost without fuss; and having stripped them bare, he goes off to America with a rich wife. Remo, of course, is a moral juggernaut, and the old aunts, togged up as brides on the grotesque occasion of his marriage, have been cruelly used.

It is a comedy in classic style, solid and rich—and as the jacket says, plainly of Balzac's lineage. Only I like a story with more foreground; I like to see and hear what is going on.

OTHER FICTION.

This should be followed up by something worthier than "Scalpel," by Horace McCoy (Arthur Barker; 12s. 6d.), which prompts no thought except that novelists may go downhill, and that the modern touch will not prevent them. Tom Owen, the narrator, springs from a miner's family in Coalville, Pa., failed as a doctor in his youth, and is now Colonel Owen the M.O., home from Berlin because his odious brother Lloyd has just been killed in a pit accident. During this leave he clicks with Helen Curtis, daughter of Old Man Reasonover, the big boss—a siren of patrician type, with three exalted husbands to her name. He also thrills and stupefies the social cream, and is prevailed on to come home for good and start a fashionable practice. And finally, when Lloyd turns out to be the villain of the pit disaster, he rescues Mom and a young nephew from a howling mob, with "those two pearl-handled thirty-eights General Patton had given to me." We hear a lot more of those thirty-eights—and of his feats of surgery and heroism in the Bulge, his standing in exclusive haunts favoured by English Royalty, and the international brigade of heiresses he could have married. He is, in fact, the show-off of all time; yet, though his operations never fail, he still believes them to be flukes. At last their genius is brought home to him by a young nurse, with whom he naturally falls in love.

The final conflict I shall skip. It is a lush yet violent piece of work, loaded with tricks and oddities of style, but I'm afraid it is all nonsense.

"Crown for a Prisoner," by Jane Oliver (Collins; 12s. 6d.), takes us sedately back to what appears in this case the more reasonable climate of the fifteenth century. Miss Oliver's new scene of Scottish history is partly laid in England; for her protagonist is James I., who, as we know, fell into English hands as a young boy, and spent more time in ward than on the throne. These earlier years feature the martyrdom of Badby the heroic tailor, Henry V.'s campaigns and death, and, I need hardly add, the loves of the young captive and his future Queen, Lady Joan Beaufort. The later phase, of his revenge, activity and murder, is more succinctly treated. Some time ago we had a brilliant and ferocious version of it from another hand, which makes this narrative look pale. Miss Oliver is a quiet writer; brilliance and impact—not to say ghastly or ferocious impact—are beyond her scope. But she is sympathetic and reliable, easy to read and always up to her own standard.

"The Schirmer Inheritance," by Eric Ambler (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), has a most appetising prologue—the adventures of Sergeant Franz Schirmer after the Battle of Eylau—and an induction full of hope. More than a hundred years later, an aged Mrs. Schneider-Johnson has died in Pennsylvania, leaving no will, and, it surprisingly turns out, a fortune of 3,000,000 dollars. Since her known relatives are dead, the Press chips in and starts a great inheritance debauch, on the familiar pattern. It appears at last that if there is a missing heir, he is in Germany. Then comes the war; and after it that glossy young practitioner, Mr. George Carey, is sent to Europe on an exceedingly cold trail, and very much to his disgust. If I was less enthralled by the last act, in what the jacket calls "the bandit-infested mountains of post-war Greece," this should be put down to my taste in thrills, rather than to a failure in the story.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ADVENTURE AND CURIOSITY.

I WROTE lately of the diary written by the young French explorer Raymond Maufrais, and I was reminded of that remarkable book by Mr. J. M. Scott's "Portrait of an Ice-Cap," (Chatto and Windus; 12s.), which tells the story of Mr. Gino Watkins' expedition to the ice-cap of Greenland in 1930. Watkins himself was 23 years old, and the average age of the members of his expedition was 25. So much they had in common with Maufrais, and one at least of them was completely isolated in a meteorological station from December until the following May. All of them kept extensive diaries, and it is interesting to read the author's explanation of this: "The ice-cap is lonely. But it is a truism that loneliness has little to do with privacy. We had there far fewer opportunities for privacy than in ordinary life. We slept, woke, dressed, cooked, ate, travelled together. . . . Our only hope of privacy

was in dreams or thoughts or, in a different form, by writing in our diaries. They were essentially private things. Only the lapse of time and the growing bonds of friendship have made it possible for me at last to publish extracts from them." These extracts are interesting, but desultory, until the book builds up its great climax, the isolation of Mr. Augustine Courtauld, and the finally successful attempts at his rescue. Mr. Courtauld himself kept up his diary throughout this period, and the rescue parties also kept theirs, so that during the last weeks the tension on both sides is built up by alternate quotations, and—the young men concerned being English—the dramatic effect gains immeasurably from the native restraint with which they write. I hope it is no "very cynical asperity" to observe that it is fortunate for readers that Mr. Courtauld, on whom the weight of the experience fell, was also the best diarist. At first he is carefree and discursive: "December 11th, Thursday—Toes hurting, also fingers. Took an observation of Aldebaran to find how much the clock has gone wrong in the last three months. Reading 'Forsyte Saga,' Vol. II.—V.G. Even better than Vol. I. Opened pea-flour and marge to-day. Found jam made out of cocoa V.G., much better than drinking it, and agreed in this respect with G.K.C. Filled paraffin cans (4 gallons)." But by December 14 we already find an entry: "Made out a list for a chap's dinner when I get home." On March 3 he writes: "Why is it men come to these places? So many reasons have been ascribed for it. In the old days it was thought to be lust for treasure, but the treasure is gone and men still wander. Then it was craving for adventure. There is precious little adventure in sledging or in sitting on an ice-cap. Is it curiosity? A yearning to look behind the veil on to the mysteries and desolations of nature in her forlorn places? Perhaps, but that is not all. Why leave all whom we love, all good friends, all creature comforts, all mindfully comforts, to collect a little academic knowledge about this queer old earth of ours?" These unself-conscious diaries of young explorers bring us nearer to the heart and mind of the matter than the emotions, recollected in tranquillity, of adults. No reader could possibly resist their appeal.

In "Authentic Letters From Upper Canada," edited by Thomas Radcliff (Macmillan; 18s.), we are presented with portraits of pioneers of a quite different calibre. Two parties of exuberant Irishmen, secure in the unassailable certainties of the British middle class of the 1820's and 1830's, settle in Toronto, and their letters, originally published in 1833, are now reprinted for the first time. Mr. Magrath's letters are full of practical information, carefully calculated expenditure, joviality and puns. He does not mind calling a spade a spade, even when writing to a clergyman: "It is bad management to make one's self miserable for the sake of a few pounds, during a long and perhaps boisterous voyage; shut up, it may be, during six or eight weeks, with all the inconveniences of breaking, dining, sleeping and getting sick in the same wretched apartment of a crazy merchant vessel." He kept a huge black bear as a pet, "standing 5 ft. high when upright—of the *fair sex*," and treated her with very little respect for teeth, claws or hug. Once, when she had devoured his breakfast, "conceiving it necessary to impress strongly on her recollection of my disapprobation of such unladylike conduct, and to guard against the recurrence of a similar disaster, I tied her to a post and bestowed on her hairy sides so sound a drubbing that she . . . has invariably waited breakfast for me ever since." Excellent and intrepid Victorian gentleman! Mr. Thomas Radcliff, discoursing of the State of Religion to his clerical father, observes with regret that "the Canadians do not like to *lose time*, even for such an important object as that of spiritual instruction." I have left myself no space to quote Bridget Lacy, the children's maid promoted to cook—but for her authenticity, a piece of badly overdone Dickens.

It is not necessary to be a naturalist or a collector to appreciate "Australian Seashores," by W. J. Dakin (Angus and Robertson; 45s.). Browsing through this book, one learns about waves and tides, shores and coastline, and the myriads of creatures which live on or near the shore, from plankton to the more unattractive

kinds of octopus and squid. I was astonished to hear, for instance, of a cuttlefish which, instead of squirting ink to form a smoke-screen, "surrounds itself with a luminous secretion," as if with a globe of liquid fire. The whole story of luminescence in the sea is absorbing, and so are the brilliant colours of the shells, starfish, etc., which are so beautifully reproduced in the illustrations. I wonder if any scientist has produced a similar book dealing with the British coastline—and if not, why not?

Mr. W. A. Poucher writes well of a "Journey Into Ireland" (Country Life; 30s.), but it is the illustrations that are the making of his book. Nothing could be more impressive than, for instance, Dunluce Castle or Kylemore Abbey, the Wishing Chair or the cliffs of Horn Head. The people of Ireland are not neglected—nor the charming and inevitable donkey. A most satisfactory volume.

Country Life continue to do these things very well, as witness their "Picture Book of the Lake District" (12s. 6d.), a collection of fifty-eight photographs by the best modern British artists. It is a country wild (but not woolly), immensely impressive and formidable. I expected at any moment to find that one of the heights was called "Wuthering"!

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I LAUGHED aloud when I played through this game, from the Major Open Tournament (the next event below the British Championship) at Hastings. The manner in which bang goes each player's queen in turn has something richly comic about it.

Dutch Defence (as near as maybe.)

White	Black	White	Black
W. J. E.	D. J.	W. J. E.	D. J.
YEELES	PEARCE	YEELES	PEARCE
1. Kt-KB3	P-KB4	6. P-K3	Castles
2. P-Q4	P-K3	7. B-Q3	Kt-B3
3. P-QB4	Kt-KB3	8. QR-B1	P-K4
4. Kt-QB3	B-K2	9. PXP	PXP
5. B-Kt5	P-Q3	10. B-Kt1	B-K3

White now, in the course of three moves, exchanges off a knight and bishop apiece whilst something improving Black's position. Still, it is better to have some plan than none at all.

11. BxKt	RxB	17. Kt-K1	Q-R5
12. Kt-Q5	R-B2	18. P-KKt3	Q-R6
13. Kt×Bch	QxKt	19. Kt-Kt2	R-B3
14. Castles	P-KKt4	20. B-K4	R-R3
15. P-KR3?	P-Kt5	21. Kt-R4	QR-KB1?
16. PXP	PXP		

Though Black does not realise it until too late, it was now essential to extricate his queen by 21. . . . R×Kt, etc. His attack, thoroughly justified in its initiation, has become over-impetuous. White's next move must have caused him no little consternation; all he can do now is to sell his queen's life as dearly as possible.

22. B-Kt2	R×Kt	24. Q-Q3	R-B4
23. B×Q	R×B	25. K-Kt2	P-K5

Bishop and knight are, of course, miserable compensation for a queen, but Black keeps his nerve, realising that his one desperate hope is to bring up all his meagre reserves, even at the sacrifice of more pawns.

26. Q×P	Kt-K4	28. Q-Q5ch	K-Kt2
27. R-KR1	B-Q2	29. Q-Q4	

White is getting a wee bit worried now. If only he could have just one move's respite, to exchange rooks on KR3! This move looks good enough; he is pinning the knight and can answer 29. . . . B-B3ch by 30. P-K4. All the same, a master would have cruelly put an end to all the nonsense by handing back *some* of his material advantage to force a won endgame, for instance, by 29. P-K4, B-B3; 30. P×R, etc.

29. . . .	P-B4!	30. Q×BP	B-B3ch
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Stap my vitals, now White's queen has gone, too! 31. K-Kt1 or K-B1 would lose two rooks for nothing. 31. P-B3, B×Pch; 32. K-B2, Kt-Q6ch would win the queen for nothing. White decides that he will have a bishop for it, anyway. After this, White's extra pawns just about cancel out Black's knight, and the game moves on to the best possible end of all games, a draw, in a tranquil manner reminiscent of those beautiful bars of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony which follow the storm.

31. Q×B	P×Q	40. P-K4	R-R3
32. R-B2	R(B4)-R4	41. P-B3	Kt-B7ch
33. R×R	P×Rch	42. K-R2	R-Q3
34. K-R2	Kt-Kt5ch	43. R-B5ch	K-Kt3
35. K-R1	K-B3	44. P-KKt4	R-Q8
36. P-QKt3	K-K4	45. R-R5	R-Q7
37. R-Q2	K-K5	46. R-R5	R-Q8
38. R-Q4ch	K-B4	47. R-R5	Agreed
39. R-B4ch	K-Kt4		drawn

kinds of octopus and squid. I was astonished to hear, for instance, of a cuttlefish which, instead of squirting ink to form a smoke-screen, "surrounds itself with a luminous secretion," as if with a globe of liquid fire. The whole story of luminescence in the sea is absorbing, and so are the brilliant colours of the shells, starfish, etc., which are so beautifully reproduced in the illustrations. I wonder if any scientist has produced a similar book dealing with the British coastline—and if not, why not?

Mr. W. A. Poucher writes well of a "Journey Into Ireland" (Country Life; 30s.), but it is the illustrations that are the making of his book. Nothing could be more impressive than, for instance, Dunluce Castle or Kylemore Abbey, the Wishing Chair or the cliffs of Horn Head. The people of Ireland are not neglected—nor the charming and inevitable donkey. A most satisfactory volume.

Country Life continue to do these things very well, as witness their "Picture Book of the Lake District" (12s. 6d.), a collection of fifty-eight photographs by the best modern British artists. It is a country wild (but not woolly), immensely impressive and formidable. I expected at any moment to find that one of the heights was called "Wuthering"!

E. D. O'BRIEN.

NEW AND ANCIENT MEMORIALS, LONDON SPARROWS, AND KENYA REINFORCEMENTS.



REINFORCEMENTS FOR KENYA: OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ADVANCE PARTY OF THE 49TH BRIGADE EMBARKED IN A HASTINGS TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT AT LYNEHAM, WILTS. The advance party of the 49th Brigade reached Nairobi by air on September 11 and the whole of the Brigade—the 1st Bn., The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and the 1st Bn., The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers—all travelling by air—were expected to arrive by September 26.



THE LORD MAYOR, SIR RUFERT DE LA BÈRE (EXTREME LEFT), SPEAKING AT THE OPENING OF THE LATE MR. IVOR NOVELLO'S HOUSE AS A CONVALESCENT HOME FOR ACTORS. "Redroofs," the house at Littlewick Green, near Maidenhead, in which the late Mr. Ivor Novello lived, has been acquired by the Actors' Benevolent Fund as a convalescent home for the theatrical profession and, with much of its original furniture, was opened as such on September 9.



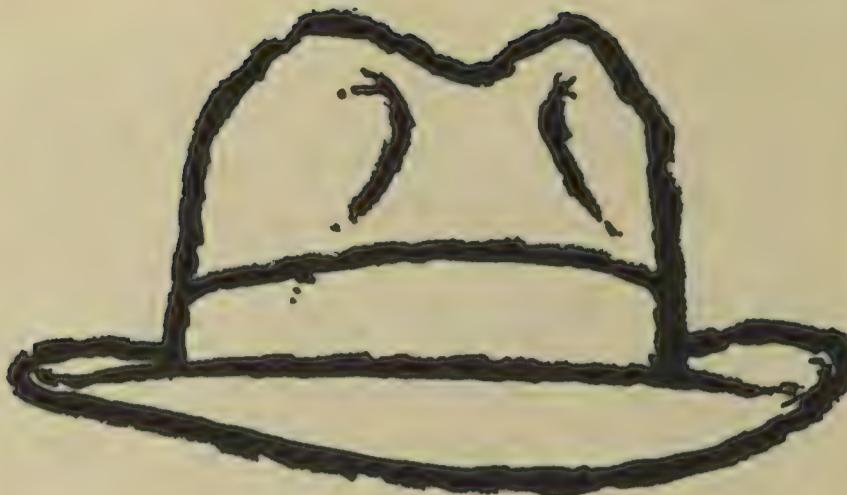
A HYDE PARK "BREAD-LINE": MR. BERTRAM CAVE FEEDING SOME OF THE MANY SPARROWS WHICH, IN THE COURSE OF DAILY VISITS TO THE PARK, HE HAS TAUGHT TO FEED ON CRUMBS TAKEN FROM HIS HANDS AND ON SCRAPS OF FOOD WHICH HE HOLDS BETWEEN HIS LIPS.



"THEY DIED FOR FREEDOM IN RAID AND SORTIE": THE NAMES OF 20,456 COMMONWEALTH AIRMEN RECORDED IN THE CLOISTERS OF THE R.A.F. MEMORIAL SHRINE ON COOPER'S HILL, RUNNYMEDE, WHICH HER MAJESTY IS TO UNVEIL ON OCTOBER 17.



THE COAT THE REGICIDE, FRANCIS HACKER, WORE AT THE EXECUTION OF KING CHARLES I.: A HISTORIC RELIC RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE TOWER OF LONDON ARMOURIES BY MR. W. R. HEARST, JUNIOR. This buff coat, traditionally worn by Colonel Francis Hacker at the execution of King Charles, has been presented to the Tower by Mr. W. R. Hearst, Jnr., through *The Connoisseur* on behalf of the Hearst Corporation of New York. Colonel Hacker was one of Cromwell's most vehement supporters and was present on the scaffold, supervised the execution and signed the executioner's order. When arrested in 1660 he still held the warrant for the King and he was tried the same year and hanged.



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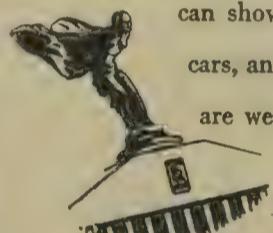
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"My heart stopped. I asked to see the find. Scornfully my dear Rolex was hurled at me across the fire. Pedro consented to sell it willingly, thinking that a watch that had been in the water was worth nothing, and with a broad grin at the idiocy of this foreigner he pocketed five 'milreis.' The laugh was on the other side of his face when a few minutes later I put it back on my wrist and set it going!"

This is an extract from a letter written to Rolex by a customer, Mr. Victor L. Bondi, now of Geneva. We think it speaks for itself. There are few hardships a Rolex watch cannot undergo; that delicate mechanism is so well made, so well protected by the Oyster case. This, anyway, is the true story of what happened to one Rolex Oyster.

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★ A photo print of Mr. Bondi's original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, London, W.1.



"... we were travelling up the river Jequitinhonha, in the State of Bahia, by canoe, to reach a famous *garimpo* . . ."



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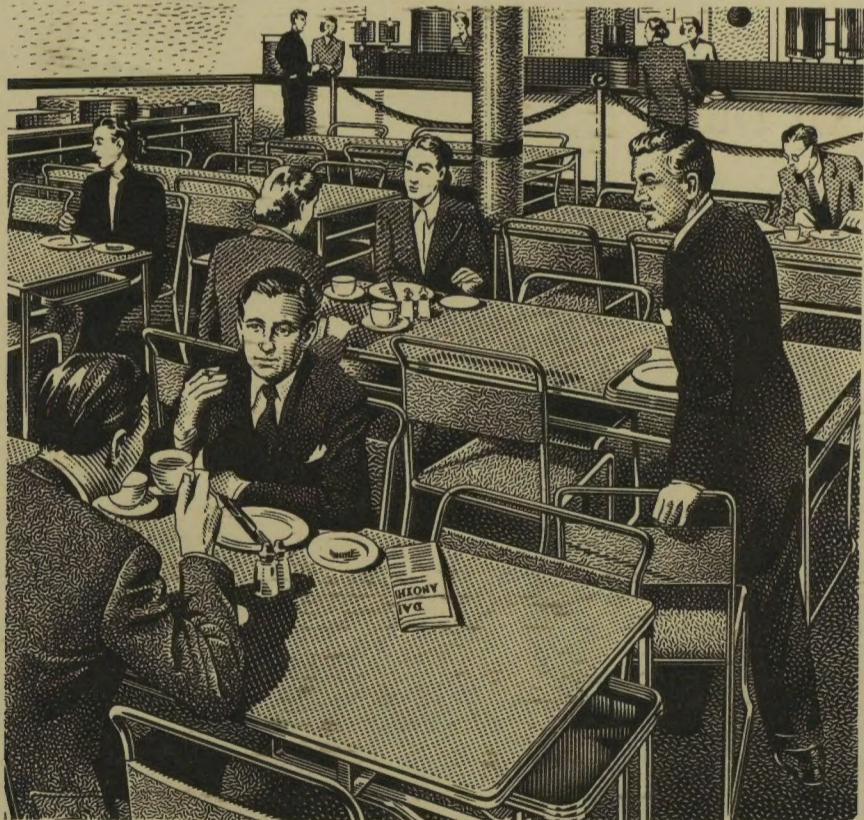
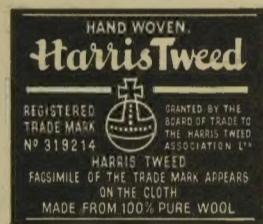
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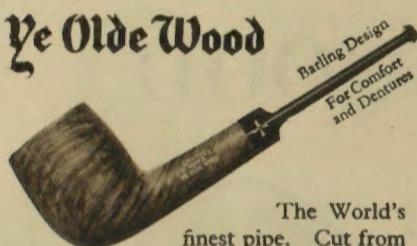


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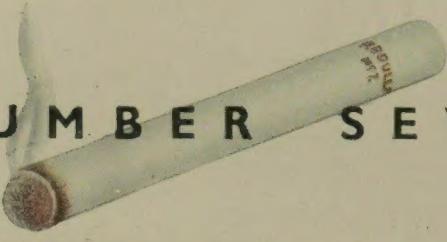
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